# Windsor-Drollery.

Being a more Exact

# COLLECTION

Of the Newest &

## *Songs, Poems, and Catches,*

Now in use,

Both in CITY and COUNTRY,
then any yet Extant.

## With Additions.

*Collected by a Person of Quality.*

*LONDON*,
Printed for *J. M.* and are to be sold
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UM

NEW

# SONGS *A-la-mode:*

BOTH

*Amorous and Jovial.*

By the WITS of this AGE.

## SONG I.

*S.* HOw unhappy a Lover am I,
Whilst I figh for my *Phillis* in vain;
All my hopes of delight, are another mans right,
That is happy whilst I am in pain.
*H.* Since her Honour affords no relief,
As to pity the pains that you bear:
'Tis the best of your fate, in a helpless estate,
To give over betimes to despair.
*S.* I have tryed the false Med'cine in vain,
Yet I wisht what I hope not to win,
From without, my desires have no food to their fires,
But they burn and consume me within.
*H.* Yet at worst 'tis a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone;
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched, or more,
And accounts all your sufferings her own.
*S.* O you powers let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phillis* I'le lie:

I'le resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I dye.
H. What her honour deny'd you in life,
After death she will give to her love:
Such a flame as is true, after-fate will renew,
For the souls do meet freely above.

*Song* 2.

FRom the fair *Lavinian* shore,
I your Markets come to store,
Muse not though so far I dwell,
And my wares come here to sell:
Such is the sacred Hunger of Gold,
Then come to my pack,
Where I cry,
What do you lack,
What do you buy,
For here it is to be sold.
You whose birth and breeding base,
Are rank'd into a nobler race;
And whose Parents heretofore
Neither Arms, nor Scutcheons bore:
First let me have but a touch of your Gold,
Then come to me Lad,
You shall have,
What your Dad
Never gave,
For here it is to be sold.
Madam, for your wrinkled face,
Here's Complexion it to grace,
Which, if your earnest be but small,
It takes away the vertue all,
But if your Palms are anointed with gold
Then you shall seem
Like a Queen
Of fifteen,
Though you are threescore years old.

Song

*Song* 3.

NOw the weather is warm,
There's no catching of harm,
And I am resolv'd to go venture:
Ile go get me a Wife
She shall lead such a life
She shall never have cause to repent her.
All night in my arms,
I will keep her from harms;
And thus, thus with my charms will I win her:
In the morn ere we're up,
Chocolat a quart cup,
We both will drink off before dinner.
And after noon-tide,
Both I and my Bride,
To the Tavern will ride, and so brave it;
With Fidlers a score,
Twelve dishes and more,
We ne'r shall be poor while we have it.
Before it be dark,
To a Play, or Hide-Park,
And home by Spring-Garden we'l rattle;
Whilst our Neighbours with Wine
Do tipple like Swine,
And their Wives are as drunk with their prattle.
When our children are grown,
And their humours are known;
To follow blind Fortune her ranges,
The boyes shall be such
They shall humble the Dutch,
And our Wenches shall sow on the Changes.

*Song* 4.

WE'le call for our Barge, and to *Lambeth* we'l
The Fishes our footmen shall be; (row
The Swans that now silently swim too and fro,
Shall die with their singing to thee.

We'l row, and we'l reſt; we,l ſmile, and we'l kiſs,
And Neptune himſelf ſhall envy our bliſs.
Our drink ſhall be that which the gods do delight in,
But Nectar beyond any theirs.

Our ſervants ſhall tipple Canary till fighting,
Who firſt ſhall pledge thee and thine heirs:
See; each hath already his cup to the brim,
And all our attendants in liquor ſhall ſwim.

*Song* 5.

BRight *Cælia* know, 'twas not thine eyes,
Alone that firſt did me ſurprize;
The gods uſe ſeldome to diſpenſe,
To your Sex, Beauty and Conſcience.
If then they have made me untrue,
The fault lies not in me but you;
Sure 'tis no crime to break a vow,
When we are firſt I know not how.

You preſs me an unuſual way,
To make my ſong my love betray,
Yet fear you'l turn it to a jeſt,
And uſe me as y'ave done the reſt,
Of thoſe ſad Captives which complain,
Yet are enamoured of their flame,
And though they die for love of you,
Dare neither love nor you purſue.

If love be ſin, why live you then,
To make ſo many guilty men?
Since 'tis not in the power of art
To make a breaſt-plate for the heart.
Since 'tis your eyes loves ſhafts convey
Into our Souls a ſecret way,
Where if once fixt, no herb nor charm
Can cure us of our inward harm.

*Song*

Song 6.

BEneath a Myrtle-shade,
Which none but love for happy Lovers made:
I slept, and strait my Love before me brought
*Phillis*, the object of my waking thought.
Undrest she came, my flames to meet,
Whilst love strew'd flowers beneath her feet.
Flowers that so prest, by her, became more sweet.
From the bright Virgins head,
A careless veil of lawn was loosly spread:
From her white Temples fell her shady hair,
Like clowdy Sun-shine, not too brown, nor fair:
Her hands, her lips, did love inspire,
Her every grace my heart did fire,
But most her eyes, that languish with desire.
Ah charming face, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny?
By nature and by love, this lovely shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made.
Silence and shades with love agree,
Both Shelter you, and favour me;
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.
No, rather let me die, she said,
Than lose the spotless name of Maid;
Faintly methought she spoke, for all the while,
She bid me not believe her, with a smile;
Then die, said I, she still deny'd,
And is it thus, thus, she cryed,
You use a harmless maid, and so she dy'd.
I wak'd, and strait I knew
I lov'd so well, it made my dream prove true,
Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two,
I fancy'd love had done what *Phillis* would not do.
Ah cruel Nymph cease your disdain,
Whilst I can dream, you scorn in vain,
A sleep or waking, I must ease my pain.

*Song 7.*

LOve that is screw'd a pin too high,
May speak, but with a squeeze will die.
The solid Lover knows not how
To play the Changeling with his vow:
Small sorrows may find vent, and break,
Great ones will rather burst than speak:
Such is my fortune when my *Cloris* frowns,
Not only me, but she the whole World drowns:
Thus am I drench'd in misery,
Yet hope she may be kind to me.
I, but 'tis long first, could she but restrain
Those kindnesses which I'de be glad to gain;
She'll surely do't, if so, it shall be known
I lov'd her for her own sake, not my own.
Thus will I live and die, and so will be
Exemplary to all Posterity.

*Song 8.*

MY Love is full of noble Pride,
And never can submit,
To suffer fop discretion ride
In triumph over wit.
False friends I have as well as you,
Which daily counsel me
Fame and Ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.
When I the least belief bestow
On what such fools advise;
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise.

*Song 9.*

A Lover I am, and a Lover I'll be,
And hope, from my true Love, I shall never be free.
Let wisdom be blam'd in the grave woman-hater,
Yet never to love, is a sign of ill nature.
But he that loves well, and whose passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched, but ever be young. With

With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean
Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion.
When our paſſion is pallid, and our fancy would fail,
A little kind quarrel ſupplies a freſh gale;
And when the doubts clear'd, and the jealouſie's gone,
How we kiſs, and embrace, and can never have done.

*Song* 10.

WHen Daſies py'd, and Violets blue,
And Cuckow buds of yellow hue;
And Lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
Do paint the Meadows with delight,
The Cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten-ſtraws,
And merry Larks are Plough-mens Clocks,
When Turtles tread, and Rooks, and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer-ſmocks,
The Cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

*Song* 11.

STay Shepherd, prethee ſhepherd ſtay,
Didſt thou not ſee her run this way?
Where ſhe may be canſt thou not gueſs?
Alas, I've loſt my Shepherdeſs.

I fear ſome Satyr hath betraid
My pretty Lamb unto the ſhade:
Then woe is me, for I'm undone;
For in the ſhade ſhe was my ſun.

In ſummer-heat were ſhe not ſeen,
No ſolitary Vale was green;
The blooming hills, the downy-meads
Bear not a flowet but where ſhe treads.

Hush't were the senseless trees when she
Sate but to keep them company?
The silver streams were swell'd with pride,
When she sate singing by their side.
The Pink, the Cowslip, and the Rose,
Strive to salute her where she goes?
And then contend to kiss her shoo,
The Pancie and the Dasie too.
But now I wander on the plains,
Forsake my home and fellow Swains;
And must, for want of her, I see,
Resolve to die in misery.
For when I think to find my Love
Within the bosom of a Grove,
Methinks the Grove bids me forbear,
And sighing saies, she is not here.
Next do I fly unto the Woods,
Where *Flora* pranks her self with buds;
Thinking to find her there, but lo,
The Myrtles and the shrubs say no.
Then what shall I unhappy do?
Or whom shall I complain unto?
No, no, here I'm resolv'd to die,
Welcome sweet death and destiny.

*Song* 12.

OH fain would I before I die
Bequeath to thee a Legacy?
That thou maist say when I am gone,
None had my heart but thee alone.
Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as Lovers fears;
As many lives as years have hours,
They all and only should be yours.
Deareſt, before you condescend
To entertain a bosom-friend,
Be sure you know your servant well,

Before your liberty you ſell :
For love's a fire in young and old,
'Tis ſometimes hot, and ſometimes cold ;
And men you know, when that they pleaſe,
They can be ſick of loves *Diſeaſe* :
Then wiſely chuſe a friend that may
Laſt for an age, not for a day ;
Who loves thee not for lip and eye,
But for thy mutual ſympathy.
Let ſuch a friend thy heart engage,
For he will comfort thee in age,
And kiſs thy furrow'd, wrinkled brow,
With as much joy as I do now.

*Song* 13.

AS we went wandring all the night,
The Brewers *Dog* our brains did bite ;
Our heads grew heavy, and our heels grew light ;
And we lik'd our humour well, Boys ;
And we lik'd our humour well.
Our hoſteſs then bid us pay her ſcore ;
We call'd her Whore, and we paid her no more,
And we kick'd our Hoſt quite out of the dore,
And we lik'd our humour, *&c.*
And as we went wandring along the ſtreet,
We trod the Kennels under our feet,
And quarrel'd with every poſt we did meet,
And we lik'd, *&c.*
The Conſtable then with his ſtaff in his hand,
He bid us, if we were men, to ſtand ;
We told him he bad us do more than we can,
And we lik'd, *&c.*
Our Hoſteſs's Cellar it is our bed,
Upon the Barrels we lay our head ;
The night is our own, for the *Devil* is dead,
And we lik'd our Humour well, Boyes ;
And we like our Humour well.

*Song* 14.

A Wife I do hate;
For either she's false, or she's jealous:
But give me a Mate
That nothing will ask, or tell us;
She stands on no terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture;
Nor loves for your Farms,
But takes the kind man at adventure;
If all prove not right,
Without act, process, or warning;
From a Wife for a night
You may be divorc'd in the morning;
Where Parents are slaves,
Their Brats cannot be any other:
Great Wits, and great Braves
Have alwaies a Punck for their Mother.

*Song* 15.

NEver perswade me to't, I vow
I live not: how canst thou
Expect a life in me,
Since my soul is fled to thee.
You suppose because I walk,
And you think talk,
I therefore breath; alas you know
Shades as well as men do so:
You may argue I have heat,
My pulses beat,
My sighs have in them living Fire.
Grant your Argument be truth,
Such heats my youth
Inflame as poysons do, only prepare,
To make death their follower.

*Song* 16.

TO little or no purpose I've spent many daies,
In ranging the *Park*, the *Exchange*, and the *Plays*:
Yet

Yet ne'r in my ramble, till now did I prove
So happy to meet with the man I could love:
But oh how I am pleas'd when I think on the man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can.
How long I shall love him, I can no more tell
Than, had I a Feaver, when I should be well:
My passion shall kill me, before I will shew it:
And yet I would give all the World he did know it:
But oh! how I fear when I think he shall woo (me,
That I cannot deny what I know will undo me.

*Song* 17.

LIke a Dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his tail:
Like a Vermin in a Trap, or a Thief in a Jayl;
Like a Tory in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog;
Even such is the man, who when he may go free,
Doth his liberty lose,
In a Matrimony noose;
And sells himself into Captivity.

The Dog he doth howl when the Bottle doth jogg;
The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory, in vain
On the Trap, on the Jayl, on the Quagmire complain:
But well fare the Pug;
For he plays with his clogg,
And though he would be rid on't rather than his life,
Yet he hugs and he tugs it as a man doth his Wife.

*Song* 18.

ALL the flatteries of Fate,
And the pleasures of State,
There's nothing so sweet as what Love does create:
If to love you deny,
It is time I should die:
Kind death's a Reprieve, when you threaten your hate.

In

In some shady Grove
Will I wander and rove,
With the Nightingale and the the disconsolate Dove;
With a down hanging wing
Will I mournfully sing
The Tragick Events of unfortunate Love.

With our plaints we'll conspire
To heighten Loves fire.
Still languishing little, at length we expire,
And when I am dead,
In a cold leafie bed,
To be interr'd with the Dirge of th'disconsolate Quire.

*Song* 19.

I'll go to my Love where he lies in the Deep,
And in my Embraces my Dearest shall sleep:
When we wake, the kind Dolphins about us shall throng.
And in Chariots of shell shall draw us along,
The Orient Pearl that the Ocean bestows,
We'll mix with the Coral, our Crowns to compose.
Then the Sea-Nymphs shal grieve, & envy our bliss.
We'll teach them to love, and the Cockles to kiss.

For my love sleeps now in his watry Grave,
Has nothing to shew for his Tomb but a wave.
I'll kiss his dear Lips, than the Coral more red,
That grows where he lies in his watery bed;
Ah! ah! ah! my Love is dead,
There was not a Bell, but a Tortoise-shell
To ring, to ring, to ring my Loves knell.
Ah my Love's dead! There was not a Bell,
But a Torroise-shell to ring my Loves Knell.

*Song* 20.

GO thy way, go thy way;
Why shouldst thou stay, why shouldst thou stay?
Where the winds whistle, & where the streams creep,
Under yon Willow-Tree fain would I sleep.

Then

Then let me alone:
For 'tis time to be gon, for 'tis time to be gon.
What Cares or Pleasures can be in this Isle?
Within this desart place
There lives no humane Race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind Fortune smile.
*Cho.* Kind Fortune smiles, and she
Has yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.

*Song* 21.

THe Bread is all bak'd,
The Embers are Rak'd,
'Tis midnight by Chanticleers first Crowing;
Let's kindly carouse,
Whilst a top of the house
The Cats fall out in the height of their wooing.
Time, whilst thy Hour-Glass does run out,
This flowing Glass shall go about.
Stay, stay, the Nurse is wak'd, the Child does cry,
No Song so antient is, as Lullaby:
The Cradle's rock'd, the child is husht agen,
Then hey for the Maids, and ho for the Men,
Now every one advance his Glass,
Then all at once together clash:
Experienc'd Lovers know
This clashing does but show,
That as in Musick, so in Love, must be
Some Discord to make up a Harmony.
Sing, sing; when Crickets sing, why should not we?
The Crickets were merry before us:
They sung us thanks are we made 'em a fire;
They taught us to sing in a Chorus:
The Chimney is their Church, the Oven is their Quir

*Song* 22.

NOw the Cock doth cry, *Cock-a-doodle-doo!*
The Owl cries o'er the Barn, *To-whit-to-whoo!*
Benighted Travellers now loſe their way,
Whom *will with the wiſp* bewitches;
About, about he leads them aſtray,
Through Bogs, through Hedges and Ditches.

Hark, hark, the Cloyſter-Bell is rung;
Alas! the midnight *Dirge* is ſung.
Let 'em ring,
Let 'em ſing;
Whilſt we ſpend the night in love and in laughter.
When night is gone,
O then to ſoon
The *Diſcords* and *Cares* of the day do come after.

Come booz a Health, a Health, a double Health,
To thoſe who 'ſcape from cares by ſhunning wealth;
*Diſpatch* it away,
Before it be day,
'Twill quickly grow early, when it is late:
A Health to thee,
To him, to me;
To all who Beauty Love, and Buſ'neſs hate.

*Song* 23.

FIll up the Bowl with Roſie Wine,
Around our Temples Roſes twine;
And let us chearfully a while
Like the Wine and Roſes ſmile.

Crown'd with Roſes we contemn
*Gyges* wealthy Diadem.
To day is ours, what do we fear?
To day is ours, we have it here.

Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wiſh at leaſt with us to ſtay:
Let's baniſh buſ-neſs, baniſh ſorrow;
And leave to whom belongs to morrow.

*Song*

*Song* 24.

UNderneath this Myrtle-ſhade,
On flowry Beds ſupinely laid,
With odorous Oyls my head o'reflowing,
And around it Roſes growing;
What ſhould I do, but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than Kingly ſtate,
LOVE himſelf ſhall on me wait:
Fill to me, *Love*; nay, fill it up;
And mingled caſt into the Cup,
Wit and Mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay deſires.
The wheel of Life no leſs will ſtay,
In a ſmooth than rugged way.
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleaſant be.
Why do we precious Oyntments ſhow'r,
Nobler Wines why do we pour,
Beauteous Flowers why do we ſpread
Upon the Monuments of the *Dead*?
Nothing they but *Duſt* can ſhow,
Or Bones that haſten to be ſo.
Crown me with Roſes while I live,
Now your Wines and Oyntments give,
After Death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleaſures have:
All are Stoicks in the Grave.

*Song* 25.

HOw happy art thou and I,
That never knew how to love!
There's no ſuch bleſſing here below,
What e'r there is above.
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,
That every wife man loves.

Out, out upon thoſe Eyes
That think to murder me,
And he's an Aſs that thinks her fair,
That is not kind and free:
There's nothing ſweet, there's nothing ſweet
To man, but Liberty.

I'll tye my heart to none,
Nor yet confine mine eyes;
But I will play my Game ſo well,
I'll never want a prize:
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty
Has made me now ſo wiſe.

*Song 26.*

BE thou joyful, I am jolly;
In thy pleaſure's my delight:
Art th'inclin'd to melancholy,
I am of that humour right;
For I can joy, or Joys can ſlight.

Art thou liberal of Embraces?
I can alſo laviſh be:
Or doſt thou ſcorn to yield ſuch graces?
I can ſcorn as well as thee:
Of theſe I can be nice or free.

Doſt thou joy I ſhould attain thee?
Then I will thy ſervant be:
Or if my preſence do diſdain thee,
I will never wait on thee;
For I can love, or let thee be.

If to ſinging thou'lt apply thee,
I can warble Notes to thee:
Or if by ſighing, I'll ſigh by thee;
To thy paſſions I'll agree:
For I'm to all thy humours free.

Doſt thou joy I ſhould come near thee,
With a heart both firm and true?
Or doſt thou fly my ſight and jear me?
Unto Lovers that's not new:
For I can ſtay, or bid adieu.

*Song* 27.

*A Catch.*

IF Wealth could keep a man alive,
I'de only ſtudy how to thrive;
That having got a mighty maſs,
Might then bribe Fate to let me paſs:
But ſince we cann't prolong our years,
Why ſpend we time in griefs and fears?
For ſince by deſtiny we die,
And muſt all paſs over the ferry;
Hang Sickneſſes and Cares,
Since we ha'nt many years;
Let's have a ſhort life, and a merry.

*Song* 28.

WHen in the month of *January*
Ripe Apples grow on Trees;
When Butter doth in *February*
At once both thaw and freeze:
When Pigs do fly, Beaſts headleſs walk,
When Chairs and Stools do move;
When Mutes as faſt as Women talk,
Then will I fall in love.

When Cherries in the month of *March*,
As ripe are as in *June*;
When men inſtead of Corn ſow Starch,
When Bears do ſing in tune.
When Fiſhes on the Trees do chatter,
When Womens Tongues ne'r move,
When Men forbear to lie and flatter,
Then will I fall in love.

If

If when it rains, the ground be dry,
Or when it is foul weather;
When Sun and Moon shall in the Sky
Both meet and dance together.

When the Heavens fall where Earth doth stand,
When *Tellus* mounts above,
And I can grasp both in my hand,
then will I fall in love.

A Lover no will doth know,
He cannot speak or stir;
He is a Child and cannot go,
But as he is moved by her.
Whilst I still by my self do move,
And to my pleasures bend:
Then farewel unto shitten Love,
And so I make an end.

*Song 29.*

COme hither, my Deareſt, come hither to me,
And I will be so loving to thee,
As never was man before.
Then give me thy heart, and thou shalt have mine;
For if I may be but certain of thine,
I'll never desire no more.

Then unto my house we will trip it away,
And sit and provide for the wedding day:
We'll dance and sing,
And the Bells shall ring,
And the Fidlers round about us shall play.

Thy Body with rich Apparel I'll deck,
And round about thy Ivory Neck
I'll place a Chain of Pearl,
So fine and so round, so fair and so neat,
That every one that chances to see't,
Will say thou'rt a lovely Girl.
Then be not so coy, but come away,

And

And I'll embrace thee both night and day;
For I vow and ſwear
Thou ſhalt be my Dear,
And merrily we will ſing and play.

The Maid ſhe ſtood off, and bluſhing ſaid,
I fear you mean to betray a Maid
That never did love before:
For men will deceive, and cog, and lye,
And ſwear they love you faithfully,
When they have another in ſtore.

But if that you mean to be conſtant and true,
And that I ſhould be ſo to you;
Be loving and kind,
And ſtill in a mind:
Or elſe for evermore adieu.

*Song* 30.

POOR *CÆLIA* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching Eye ſhe had;
Moſt neatly lock'd her braided hair,
Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad:
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her breſts ten thouſand *Cupids* lay.
Then many a doting Lover came,
From ſeventeen unto twenty one;
Each told her of his mighty flame:
But ſhee forſooth affected none;
One was not handſome, th'other was not fine,
This of Tobacco ſmelt, and that of Wine.
But th' other day it was my fate
To paſs along that way alone,
I ſaw no Coach before her Gate,
But at her door I heard her moan,
And dropt a tear, and ſighing ſeem'd to ſay,
*Young Ladies marry, marry whilſt you may.*

*Song*

*Song* 31.

## JAMES *and* SUSAN.

*Jam.* PRethee *Susan* what doſt muſe on,
By this doleful ſpring?
You are I fear, in love, my Dear:
Alas poor thing!

*Suſ.* Truly *Jamie*, I muſt blame ye,
You look ſo pale and wan:
I fear 'twill prove you are in love:
Alas poor man!

*Jam.* Nay my *Suee*, now I view ye,
Well I know your ſmart;
When you're alone you ſigh and groan:
Alas poor Heart!

*Suſ. Jamie* hold, I dare be bold
To ſay, Thy heart is ſtole;
And know the Shee as well as thee:
Alas poor Soul!

*Jam.* Then my *Sue*, tell me who,
I'll give thee a Chain of Pearl;
And eaſe thy heart of all this ſmart:
Alas poor Girl!

*Suſ. Jamie* no, if you ſhould know,
I fear 'twould make you ſad,
And pine away both night and day:
Alas poor Lad!

*Jam.* Why then my *Sue*, it is for you
That I burn in theſe flames;
And when I die, I know you'l cry,
Alas poor *James*!

*Suſ.* Say you ſo, then *Jamie* know
If you ſhould prove untrue,
Then muſt I likewiſe cry,
Alas poor *Sue*!

Quoth

Quoth he, then joyn thy hand with mine,
And we will wed to day:
I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she;
Come let's away.

And when we shall wedded be,
Then we'l have a Ball,
And dance about in and out,
Up tails all.

When that is done, and all are gone,
I'll shew thee other feats,
And have a dance call'd in *France*,
The shaking of the sheets.

*Song* 32.

*To* SILVIA.

*Silvia*, tell me how long it will be
before you will grant my desire:
Is there no end of your Cruelty,
But must I consume in this fire?
You'l not tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate,
But take pleasure in seeing me languish:
Ah *Silvia*! pity my desperate state,
For you are the cause of my anguish.

*Song* 33.

*Her Answer.*

*Damon* I tell thee I never shall be
In a humour to grant thy desire;
Nor can I be tax'd with Cruelty,
Having one that I more do admire:
For 'tis he that I love, and thee that I hate,
Yet I find you fain would be doing;
No *Damon* you never shall be my Mate,
Then prethee friend leave of thy woing.

*Song*

*Song* 34.

*His Reply.*

*Silvia* know, I never shall more
Be a Suiter to Pride and *Disdaining*,
Nor can my respects be as heretofore,
Being now in the time of their waining.
For I prize not thy love, nor I fear not thy hate,
Then prethee take't for a warning;
When ever you meet with another Mate,
Pray *Silvia* leave off your scorning.

*Song* 35.

How severe is forgetful Old Age,
To confine a poor Lover so,
That I almost despair to see even the Air,
Much more my dear *Damon*: Hey ho!

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
I am trac'd where-ever I go,
That some treacherous Tree hides this old man from me.
And there he counts every hey ho.

How shall I this *Argus* blind,
And so put an end to my wo?
For whilst I beguile all his frowns with a smile,
I betray my self with a hey ho.

My restraint then alas must endure,
So that since my sad doom I know,
I'll pine for my Love, like the Turtle-Dove,
And breath out my life in Hey ho.

*Song* 36.

As I lay musing one night in my Bed,
After I weary was with sleep,
A day 'gan peep,
Many odd fancies came into my head:
Women were first that came into my mind.

For

For we do daily find
They moleſt moſt our reſt,
Cruel be they, or kind.

Next thing which my fancy did propound,
Was, what a Maiden-head would prove,
Which men ſo love;
Since it is never loſt till it be found:
And then the Finder, if he be wiſe,
Ought not to boaſt his prize;
'Cauſe that it never yet
Was ſeen by mortal eyes.

Then why a Cuckold ſhould ſuffer ſuffer ſuch ſcorn,
For what's anothers fault, not his,
Appears amiſs:
If right, the women ſhould wear the horn:
And if each Cuckold his horns ſhould wear,
I ſhould ſhrewdly fear,
It would be ſtrange to ſee
Men without horns appear.

Fourthly, a reaſon would gladly be known,
Why women we kind-hearted ſee,
Should Carnifice,
For making uſe of what is but their own:
If they may have their legs for to go,
And their fingers to ſow,
Why not that thing for what
It was ordain'd alſo?

*Song* 37.

ON the bank of a Brook, as I ſat fiſhing,
Hid in the Oſiers that grow on the ſide,
I over-heard a Nymph and Shepherd wiſhing,
No time nor fortune might their love divide:
To *Cupid* and *Venus* each offered a Vow,
To love ever as they lov'd now.

Ah!

Ah! (said the Shepherd (and sigh'd) what a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone:
Love must be secret, for like Fairy Treasure,
When 'tis discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone:
And Envy and Jealousie, if it would stay,
Would quickly, alas, make it away.

Then let us leave the world and care behind us,
Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand;
All alone, all alone, where none shall find us,
In some far *Desart* we'll seek a new Land,
And there live from Envy and Jealousie free,
And a new world to each other we'll be.

*Song* 38.

JOne to the Maypole away let's run,
The time is swift, and will be gone:
There go the Lasses away to the Green,
Where their Beauties may be seen.
*Nan*, *Dol*, *Kate* and *Moll*; brave Lasses have Lads to (attend 'um,
*Hodge*, *Nick*, *Tom*, *Dick*; brave Dancers, who can (amend 'um?

Did you not see the Lord of the May
Walk along in his rich Array?
There goes the Lass that is only his,
See they meet, and how they kiss!
Come *will*, run *Gill*, or doft thou list to lose thy labour?
*Kit* crowd, scrape aloud; tickle her, *Tom*, with a Pipe (and a Tabor.

Lately I went to a Masque at the Court,
Where I saw Dances of every sort:
There they did dance with time and measure,
But none like the Country Dance for pleasure.
There they did dance just as in *France*,
Not like the English lofty manner;

And

And every ſhe muſt furniſhed be
With a feather'd knack when ſhe ſweats for to fan her.

But we when we dance, and do happen to ſwear,
Have a Napkin in hand to wipe off the wet;
And we with our Doxies do jig it about,
Not like the Court which often are out.
If the Tabor do play, we thump it away
And turn and meet our Laſſes to kiſs 'em,
Nay, they will be as ready as we,
That hardly at any time we can miſs 'em.

And if we hold on as we begin,
*Jone* thee and I ſhall the Garland win;
Nay, if thou liv'ſt till another day,
I'll make thee Lady of the May.
Dance about in and out,
Turn and kiſs, and then for a greeting:
Now *Jone*, we have done;
Fare thee well till the next merry meeting.

## *Song* 39.

ALaſs how long ſhall I and my maidenhead lie
In a cold bed all the night long!
I cannot abide it, yet away cannot chide it,
Though I find that it does me ſome wrong.

Can any one tell where this fine thing doth dwell,
That carries neither form nor faſhion?
It both heats and cools, 'tis a Bauble for fools,
Yet catch'd at in every Nation.

Say a Maid were ſo croſt, as to ſee this Toy loſt,
Would not Hue and Cry fetch it again?
'Las no; for 'tis gon ere well thought upon;
And when found, 'tis loſt even then.

### Song 40.

NO Creature can be more pleasant than we,
No mischief we will act or invent;
Let the Worldling go plot till his brains rot,
He shall not abridge our content.

Content is a thing that comfort doth bring
To Beggar as well as to King;
Then let our Content in freedom be spent,
And merrily merrily sing.

### Song 41.

OUt upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And though I never lov'd before,
Yet am like to love three more,
If it hold fair weather.

Time shall moult away his Wings,
Ere he can discover
Among an hundred thousand men,
Nay in all the world agen,
Such a constant Lover.

But out upon't, no praise
Can at all be due to me:
Love with me had made no stay,
But had quickly fled away,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very very face;
There had been ere this with me,
For to court my company,
A dozen dozen in her place.

Song

*Song* 42.

*Her Answer.*

SAy, but did you love so long!
In truth I needs must blame you:
Passion did your Judgment wrong,
Nay, betray'd your flattering Tongue,
As want of wit doth shame you.

Truth it is, Time's witty Daughter
Quickly did discover
You were a subject fit for laughter,
Seeing your brains are now grown softer,
And more fool than ever.

Yet I grant you merit praise,
For your constant folly;
Since you doted three whole days,
As your learned Legend says:
You were surely melancholy.

She to whom you were so true,
And that very very face,
Gives you truly all your due,
And puts each minute such as you
A dozen dozen to disgrace.

*Song* 43.

LEt the Bowl pass free
From him to thee,
As it first came to me:
'Tis pity that we should confine it,
Having all either Credit or Coyn yet;
Let it e'en take its course,
There's no stopping its force;
He that shuffles must interline it.

Lay aside your Cares
Of Shops and Wares,
And irrational fears;

Let each breſt be as thoughtleſs as his'n is,
That from his Bride newly ris'n is:
We'll baniſh each Soul
That comes here to condole,
Or is troubled with Love or Buſineſs.

The KING we'll not name,
Nor a Lady to inflame
With deſire to the Game,
And into a dumpiſhneſs drive all,
Or make us run mad, and go wive all;
We'll have this whole night
Set apart for delight,
And our mirth ſhall have no Corrival.
Then ſee that the Glaſs
Through its circuit do paſs,
Till it come where it was,
And every Noſe has been within it,
Till he end it that firſt did begin it;
As *Copernicus* found
That the Earth did turn round,
We will prove ſo does every thing in it.

## *Song* 44.

TEll me, *Deareſt*, prethee do,
Why thou wilt and wilt not too?
Suns of Beauty ne'er were ſhown,
But to cheriſh more than one.
Love if good, diffus'd is better;
And as thoughts, if unconfin'd,
Will to Nature prove a *Debtor*,
Who denies
Properties
That Monopolize
The Communities ſhe deſign'd.

Who

Who dares then incloſe the Common
Heavens Charter firſt aſſign'd,
And in ſpecial general Woman,
Evilly,
Privily,
Or uncivilly,
While we live by Gavel-kind?

Since thy moſt triumphant Charms
Oft ſubdu'd the *Grecians* Arms,
You injure the Powers of Love,
Leſt your Conqueſts you improve.
Boaſt not then of numerous Prizes,
In your Trophies ſingle Liſt;
Meer Evaſion Love deſpiſes,
Since there lies
In your Eyes
Such Artilleries
As no Enemies can reſiſt.

Be as free as you are comely,
And your Purchaſes enjoy:
They deſerve the name of homely,
That deny
Liberty
Of variety
Where Society cannot cloy.

*Song* 45.

WELL we will do that rigid thing
Which makes Spectators think we part,
Though Abſence hath for none a ſting,
But thoſe who keep each others heart.

And when our ſenſe is diſpoſſeſt,
Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,
And graſp for one anothers Breſt,
Since their conveyances they want.

Nay, we have felt the tedious ſmart
Of abſent Friendſhip, and do know
That when we dye we can but part,
And who knows what we ſhall do now.

Yet I muſt go; we will ſubmit,
And ſo our own Diſpoſers be:
For while we nobly ſuffer it,
We triumph o'er neceſſity.

By this we ſhall be truly great,
If having other things o'ercome,
To make our Victory compleat,
We can be Conquerours at home.

Nay, then to meet we may conclude,
And all obſtructions overthrow;
Since we our paſſion have ſubdu'd,
Which is the ſtrongeſt thing I know.

*Song* 46.

A CATCH.

AN old houſe-end, an old houſe end.
And many a good fellow wants money to ſpend.
If thou wilt borrow,
Come hither to morrow.
I dare not part ſo ſoon with my friend:
But let us be merry,
And drink off our Sherry,
But to part with my money I do not intend;
Then a Turd in thy Teeth, and an old houſe end.

*Song* 47.

A CATCH.

JOg on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the Stile-a;

Your

Your merry heart goes all the day,
The sad one tires in a mile-a.
Your paltry money-bags of Gold,
What need have we to stare for?
When little or nothing soon is told,
And we have the less to care for.

Song 47.

## The Needy-mans Song.

AWay with this Cash, 'twill make us all mad;
The happiest are they that money ne'er had:
The pocket that's full, proves the owner a Gull;
No Niggard so great, nor apter to cheat;
A Fob that is lank, proves the owner frank;
I tell thee, my friend, his love's without end.

CHORUS.

*Oh he never can be*
*Too frolick and free:*
*No sweeter estate*
*Than the Needy-mans fate.*

When money's a stranger, the man's out of danger:
From Whores and from Wine, he's kept without line.
He smells to no Barrels, nor Broaches no quarrels:
From millions of mocks, and as many knocks,
He saveth himself by scorning of pelf:
He wears out no Shooes in hunting for News.

CHORUS.

*Oh he never can be*
*Too frolick and free:*
*No sweeter estate*
*Than the Needy-mans fate.*

He cheateth no Heirs, nor Shoulder-men fears,
Takes care for no Rent, forgets what was lent;
Remembers not what this toy cost, or that;
He ſigneth no Bill, nor maketh no Will;
Away all is hurld, he treads down the world;
And all that hath ſums, he counts them but ſcums.

CHORUS.

*O he never can be*
*Too frolick and free:*
*No ſweeter eſtate*
*Than the Neddy-mans fate.*

*Song* 48.

## *The Politick Drinker.*

MY Maſters and Friends, whoſoever intends
To trouble this Room with diſcourſe;
You that ſit by, are as guilty as I,
Let your talk be better or worſe.
Now leſt you ſhould prate of matters of State,
Or any thing elſe that might hurt us,
Rather let us drink off our Cups to the brink,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Suppoſe you ſpeak clean from the matter you mean,
That's not a pin here nor there;
Yet take this advice, be merry and wiſe,
You know not what Creatures be near.
Or ſuppoſe that ſome Sot ſhould lurk in this pot,
To ſcatter out words that might hurt us;
To free that ſame doubt, we'll ſee the pot out,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

If

If any man here be in bodily fear
Of a Wolf, a Wife, or a Tweak;
Here's Armour of proof shall keep her aloof,
This Liquor will make a man speak.
Or if any intend to challenge his friend,
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
Let us drink once or twice of this *Helicon* Juyce,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

He that rails at the Times, in Prose or in Rhimes,
Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon,
Sing *Prophecies* strange, and threaten some change,
And hang them upon the Queens Tomb.
He is but a Railer, or a prophesying Taylor,
To scatter out words that might hurt us;
Let's talk of no matches, but drink and sing Catches,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

It is a mad zeal for a man to reveal
His secret thoughts when he bouzes,
And he's but a Widgion that talks of Religion
In Taverns or Tipling Houses.
It is not for us such things to discover,
Let us talk of nothing might hurt us;
But let us begin a Health to our King,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Amidst of our bliss, it is not amiss,
To talk of our going home late;
If a Constable Kite, or a Piss-pot at night,
Should chance to douse on our Pate,
It were all in vain to rage or complain,
Or scatter out words that might hurt us,
'Twere better trudge home to honest kind *Joné*,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

*Song* 49.

## A CATCH.

FLY Boy, fly to the Cellar-bottom:
View well your Quill and your Bung Sir;
Bring us good wine to preserve our Lungs Sir;
Not rascally Wine to rot 'um.
If your Quill run foul,
Then be a trusty Soul,
And Cane it:
For the Health it is such,
That one bad drop will much,
That one drop will much
Profane it.

*Song* 50.

SInce you will needs my heart possess,
'tis just to you I first confess
The faults to which 'tis given:
It is to Change much more inclin'd,
Than Women, or the Sea, or Wind;
Or ought that's under heaven.

Nor will I hide from you this truth,
It hath been from its very youth,
A most egregious Ranger;
And since from me so oft it fled,
With whom it was both born and bred,
'Twill scarce stay with a stranger.

The Black, the Fair, the Gay, the Sad,
(Which made me oft-times think 'twas mad)
With one kind look could win it:
So naturally it loves to range,
That it hath left success for change;
And what's worse, glories in it.

Oft-

Oft-times when I am lay'd to Rest,
It makes me not like one poſſeſt.
It ſtill keeps ſuch a pother,
And though 'tis you I moſt eſteem,
Yet it will make me in a dream
Court and enjoy another.

And now, if you are not afraid,
After theſe Truths I have ſaid,
To take this arrant Rover;
Be not diſpleas'd, if I proteſt
I doubt the Heart within your Breſt,
Will prove juſt ſuch another.

*Song.* 41.

I Always reſolv'd to be free from the Charms
That love with his ſubtilty ere could invent:
I kick'd at his *Deity*, laught at the harms
That he could deviſe to abridge my content.
But now do I find, though the lad he be blind,
The mark he hath hit, and hath changed my mind:
A Boy though he be, yet his manhood I ſee:
For with one poor *Dart* hath he conquered me.

I likewiſe before ſuch Beauties did ſee,
With Charms in their Tongues, and Darts in their Eyes,
Who thought by their wiles to intoxicate me,
But never before my heart could ſurprize.
But now do I ſee that a ſlave I muſt be,
To one that before was a ſervant to me:
For the angry Gods *Dart* hath ſo pierced my heart,
No Balm that's apply'd, but increaſeth the ſmart.

And thus being plung'd in that loving amaze,
The place is a Labyrinth where I reſide,
Whoſe turnings and windings hath ſo many ways,
That none can get out without help of a Guide.

And

And my Guide is so coy, though my soul I employ
To lie at her feet, yet my hope she'll destroy;
But rather then I'le keep parley with her eye,
To add to my Bounds, I'm resolved to die.

*Song* 52.

CLORIS, let my passion ever
Be to thee as I design;
A flame so Noble that you never
Knew the like, till you knew mine.
Not a breath of fained Passion,
From my Lips shall reach thine Ears,
Nor the love which is in fashion,
Made of modish sighs and tears.

In my breast a room so fitting
For your heart I will prepare,
That you'l never think of quitting,
When you once are harbour'd there.
The Rent's not great that I require,
From your Heart to mine to pay,
'Tis gratitude that I desire,
To keep your Lodging from decay.

Fairest Saint, then be not cruel;
Nor to pity think it sin;
Since one smile from you is fuel,
Still to keep that fire in.
And when I'm forc'd through Death or Age,
From these my flames for to retire,
All true Lovers I'll engage,
Still my Ashes to admire.

*Song* 53.

BEauteous *Chloris*! while thou dost enjoy
*Beauty* and *Youth*, be sure to use 'em,
And be not fickle, be not coy,
Thy self or Lovers to destroy:

Since

Since all those Lillies and those Roses
Which Lovers find, or Love supposes,
To flourish in thy face,
Will tarry but a little space:
And Youth and Beauty are but only lent
To you by Nature, with this good intent,
You should enjoy, but not abuse 'em,
And when enjoyments may be had, not fondly to re-
(fuse 'em,

Let Lovers flatteries ne'er prevail with thee,
Nor their oyl'd Complements deceive thee;
Their Vows and Protestations be
Too often meer Hypocrisie:
And those high praises of the Witty,
May all be costly, but not fit ye:
Or if it true should be,
What thy Lovers say of thee;
Sickness or age will quickly strip away
Those fading Glories of thy youthful *May*,
And of thy Graces all bereave thee,
Then those that thee ador'd before, will slight thee, and
(so leave thee.

Then while thou art fair and young, be kind but wise,
Doat not, nor proudly use denying;
That tempting toy, thy Beauty, lies
Not in thy face, but Lovers Eyes;
And he that doats on thee may smother
His love i'th Beauty of another
Or flying at all Game,
May quench, or else divert his flame.
His Reason too, may chance to interpose,
And Love declines as fast as Reason grows:
There is a knack to find Love's Treasures;
Too young, too old, too nice, too free, too slow, de-
(stroys your pleasures.

Song

*Song* 54.

FAir *Clarinda*, I do owe
All the woe
That I know,
To those glorious Looks alone,
Though you're an inure lenting stone:
The quick Lightning from your Eyes
Did sacrifice
My unwise
My unwary harmless heart;
And now you glory in my smart.

How unjustly you do blame,
That pure flame
From you came?
Vext with what your self may burn;
Your scorns to tinder did it turn.
The least spark how Love can call
That does fall
On the small
Scorch'd remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

*Song* 55.

NAy, perswade not, I've swore
We'll have one pottle more,
Though we run on the score,
And our Credits do stretch for't:
To what end does a Father
Pine his Body, or rather
Damn his Soul, for to gather
Such store, but that he hath this fetch for't;
That we Sons should be high Boys,
And when he does dye, Boys,
Instead of a Sermon, we'll sing him a Catch for't.

Then

Then hang the dull wit
Of that white-liver'd Chit
That good Fellows doth hit
In teeth with a Red Nose:
May his Nose look blue,
Or any dreadfuller hue,
That may speak him untrue,
And disloyal unto the Head-Nose:
'Tis the Scarlet that graces
And sets out our faces,
And that nature base is,
That esteems not a Copper-Nose more than a Lead-Nose.

All the world keeps a round:
First our Fathers abound
In Wealth, and buy ground,
And then leave it behind 'em:
We're strait put in black,
Where we mourn and drink Sack,
And do th'other knack;
While they sleep in their Graves we ne'er mind 'em:
Thus we scatter the store
As they rak'd before;
And as for the Poor,
We enrich them as fast as our fathers did grind 'em.

*Song 56.*

COmely Swain, why sit'st thou so?
*Fala, la, fa, la, la,* &c.
Folded arms are signs of wo;
*Fa, la, la,* &c.
Doth thy Nymph no favour show?
*Fa, la,* &c.
Chuse another, let her go,
*Fa, la, la, fa, la, la,* &c.

*Song* 57.

THat divine form which thus deludes thy ſence,
And holds thee gazing in a ſtrange ſuſpenſe,
The Creature only is of *Sanga*'s Art:
Yet from theſe eyes Love does his fire dart:
To him a lively Speech, a favouring hand,
(Which to the Tongue he never would impart)
Has given, like *Syren*, to betray thy heart:
Ah fly then! 'tis too late; thou haſt thy wound,
And there doſt panting lie upon the ground.

*Song* 58.

THus from the Priſon to the Throne,
Vertue comes to claim her own:
And now appears
Upon the Throne a Star,
Who lately at the Bar
Stood with no other Jewels but her Tears.
Great Queen,
Great Queen,
Whoever was ſo well content
To ſuffer, and be innocent.
To ſuffer, and be innocent.

*Song* 59.

UNder the *willow* ſhades they were
Free from the eye-ſight of the *Sun*,
For no intruding Beam could there
Peep through to ſpy what things were done.
Thus ſhelter'd they unſeen did lie,
Surfeiting on each others eye:
Defended by the *willow* ſhades alone,
The Suns heat they defi'd, and cool'd their own.

Whilſt

Whilſt they did embrace unſpi'd,
The conſcious *Willow* ſeem'd to ſmile,
That they with privacy ſuppli'd,
Holding the door as 'twere the while.
And when their dalliances were o'er,
The *Willows* to oblige them more,
Bowing did ſeem to ſay, (as they withdrew)
We can ſupply you with a Cradle too.

*Song 60.*

AH how ſweet it is to love!
Ah how gay is young deſire!
And what pleaſing pains we prove,
When we firſt approach Loves fire!
Pains of Love be ſweeter far,
Than all other pleaſures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart,
Ev'n the tears they ſhed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their ſmart.
Lovers when they loſe their breath
Bleed away an eaſie death.

Love and Time with Rev'rence uſe,
Treat 'em like a parting friend:
Nor the Golden Gifts refuſe
Which in youth ſincere they ſend:
For each year their price is more,
And they leſs ſimple than before.

Love, like ſpring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein,
But each tide does leſs ſupply,
Till they quite ſhrink in again:
If a flowing Age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

### Song 62.

LEts fill with Wine this lufty Bowl,
'Twill scatter sorrows from our Souls;
'Twill stifle care, that inward foe,
'Tis the Antipodes of wo!
'Twill rescue old Age from the Grave,
'Twill make a Freeman of a Slave;
'Twill vigour and rich fancy bring,
'Twill hoise a Beggar to a King.
Lo, how it glows and sparkles there,
Brighter than a spangled Sphere.
And how it bubbles from the Deep,
Leaping to surprize my Lip!
Rich Juyce! since thou dost court my Taste,
I'll meet, and kiss with equal haste:
Go then, go mingle with my blood;
Thus swallow I thy wealthy flood!
'Tis vanish'd, and I see the shoar,
Not wafted thither by an Oar:
O fill't again, and fill it high;
O let me once more drink and dye!
Seas heap'd on Seas cannot asswage
This eager thirst, this violent rage.
Were half the Globe, fill'd to the top,
I'd drink't, and eat the Earth for Sop.
But hah! I see how I do reel;
My Brain is Traytor to my Heel.
My Vitals stop, my Spirits sink;
Come then, I'll sleep, and dream of Drink.

A

CHORUS.

*We that Bacchus do adore,*
*Envy not the Miser's store;*
*Nor the Charms nor Sweets of Love,*
*Nor the States of those above.*

Song

## Song 63.

THou sitst too long at the Pot, *Tom*,
Thou sit'st too long at the Pot, *Tom*:
Here's thy Pot and my Pot,
And my Pot and thy Pot,
Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

Thou studiest Philosophy, *Tom*,
And sometimes Astrology, *Tom*:
Let's have our Liquor about us,
Both within and without us;
Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

What humour hath crost thee now, *Tom*?
What humour hath crost thee now, *Tom*?
What Bugbear affrights thee
From that which delights thee?
Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*,

What Lawyer is like to thee, *Tom*?
For to plead against the Pot, *Tom*?
A fig for his Reading,
Except that his Pleading
Be for to maintain the Pot, *Tom*.

The Pot is the Peace-maker, *Tom*;
And the Righter of every mans wrong, *Tom*:
For when the Law can't mend it,
The Pot it will end it:
Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*,
And do not thy self so much wrong, *Tom*:
Cast not that behind thee,
That *Bacchus* design'd thee;
Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

For Mault that's good for the Maw, *Tom*,
It will cure the Diſeaſes of *Autumn*;
Then *felix quem faciunt*
I prethee be patient,
*Aliena pericula cautum.*
Then hold thy Noſe to the pot, *Tom*,
And do thy ſelf not ſo much wrong, *Tom*:
Neither Parſon nor Vicar,
But will drink off his Liquor;
Then hold thy Noſe to the Pot, *Tom*.

*Song 64.*

NOw we are met, let's merry merry be
For one half hour, with mirth and glee:
To recreate our ſpirits dull,
Let's laugh and drink our bellies full.

*Song 65.*

SACK is the Prince of Wines,
The Quinteſſence of Liquors:
The Brain it purges and refines,
And makes the Wit the quicker.

CHORUS.

*Then let us laugh, let us ſing and quaff,*
*Let us toſs the Pot, and be merry:*
*Let us all bear a part, to drink quart after quart,*
*Of this ſame ſprightly Canary:*

Should *Jove* come down to men,
And taſte this Sack, he'd think,
Nay, ſwear by *Styx*, 'twere better than
The Wine himſelf doth drink.

CHORUS.

*Then let us laugh, let us ſing and quaff,*
*Let us toſs the Pot, and be merry:*
*Let us all bear a part, to drink quart after quart,*
*Of this ſame ſprightly Canary.*

If

If a man have but this,
He ſhall no Muſick lack;
No Muſick to a Sackbut is,
Or to a Butt of Sack.

CHORUS.

*Then let us laugh, let us ſing and quaff,*
*Let us toſs the Pot, and be merry:*
*Let us all bear a part, to drink quart after quart,*
*Of this ſame ſprightly Canary.*

*Song 66.*

IF faireſt CÆLIA would not frown,
We two might make a world alone;
And we might live like Saints above,
Preſerv'd by Viſion and by Love;
Not needing other Aids to live,
Than what her conſtant ſmiles can give.
And ſince like Heaven you can preſerve,
Make him immortal that does you ſerve.

Since you would know why I look wan,
A melancholy languiſht man;
Learn from my face I am in love,
If this will not ſufficient prove,
Dear, ſtay till anon, I'll tell thee more,
I am abſent from whom I adore.

*Song 67.*

THis Ale, my bonny Lads,
It is brown as a Berry;
Then let us be merry here an hour,
And drink ere it be ſowre.
Here's to thee, Lad;
Come, to me, Lad:
Let it come, Boy, to my Thumb, Boy:
Drink it off, Sir: It is enough, Sir:
Fill mine Hoſt *Tom*'s Pot and Toſt.

Song

*Song 68.*

*A.* I Love a Nymph, a lack a day,
But dare not say I love her.

*B.* Perhaps she may thy Love repay;
Speak then thy thoughts, and prove her.

*A.* If I reveal, and she my love reject,
I'm quite undone.

*B.* Women, when we least expect,
We see are often won.

*A.* True, but her State great flocks requires,
Mine are but poor and small.

*A.* Peace, Fool; Love only Love desires,
And nothing else at all.

CHORUS.

*They that do love for private Gain,*
*May suffer Shipwrack in the main.*

*Song 69.*

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year,
And those three are plagues enough one would think,
For one poor Mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
And love made me run into debt;
And though I have struggled, and struggled, and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.
There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain,
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets,
And my Mistris that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again,
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking amain.

*Sun*

*Song 70.*

HAng up *Mars* And his Wars:
Give us Drink,
We'll tipple, my Lads, together:
Those are Slaves,
Fools and Knaves,
That have Chink,
And must pay
For what they say,
Do or think;
Good Fellows account for neither.

Be we round, be we square,
We are happier than they are,
Whose dignity works their Ruine;
He that will die Bowl rears,
Can baffle his Cares;
And a Fig for death or Undoing.

*Song 71.*

WHat alas! will the knowing avail me,
Though your Eyes were as gentle as fair,
Since the hopes which they nourish do fail me,
And flame without heat, and bright Hypocrites are:
Such lustre but lights me the way to despair.
Where temper by Love is understood,
It loseth the name of a Passion:
'Tis nonsence to say that one shou'd
Govern Love by the Rules of discretion:
Though a Child, he's too big for the Rod.

Were your bosom as cold as the Ice is,
Yet at one time or other you'l find
That Love hath a thousand devices
To banish cold thoughts from your scrupulous mind,
And to force your unkindness be gone, and be kind.

Thy

Thy aid, mighty Love, I implore:
Do thou to thy fair One discover
The joys thou hast for her in store,
When she shall to her passionate Lover,
Say, I will be cruel no more.

*Song 72.*

TAke heed, fair *Chloris*, how you tame
With your disdain *Amintors* flame:
A Noble Heart, when once despis'd,
Swells unto such an height of Pride,
'Twill rather burst, then deign to be
A Worshipper of Cruelty.

Though you use Common Shepherds so,
My flames at last to storms will grow;
And blow such scorn upon thy pride,
'Twill blast all I have magnify'd:
You are not fair, when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

O do not, for a flock of Sheep,
A Golden Show'r when as you sleep,
Or for the Tales Ambition tells,
Forsake the House where Honour dwells:
In *Damon's* Palace you no'er shine
So bright, as in these Arms of mine.

*Song 73.*

BAcchus Iacchus, *fill our Brains,*
*As well as Bowls, with sprightly strains.*
Let Souldiers fight for prey or praise,
And Money be the Misers wish;
Poor Scholars study all their days,
And Gluttons glory in their Dish:
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*
*Therefore give us the Chearing Bowls.*

Let

Let Minions marshal every hair,
And in a Lovers Lock delight;
And artificial Colours wear;
We have the native, Red and White:
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*
*Therefore give us the Chearing Bowls.*

Take Pheasant, Pout, or Calvord Sammon,
Or how to please your Palats think;
Give us the salt, West-phalia Gammon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink:
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*
*Therefore give us the Chearing Bowls.*

The backward Spirit it makes brave,
That lively, which before was dull;
They prove Good Fellows, which were Grave;
And kindness flows from Cups brim full:
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*
*Therefore give us the Chearing Bowls.*

Some have the Tisick, some the Rhume;
Some have the Palsey, some the Gout;
Some swell with Fat, and some Consume,
But they are sound that drink all out.
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine,* &c.

Some men want Youth, and some want Health,
Some want a Wife, and some a Punck;
Some men want Wit, and some want wealth;
But he wants nothing that is drunk.
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*
*Therefore give us the Chearing Bowls.*
Bacchus Iacchus, *fill our Brains,*
*As well as Bowls with sprightly strains.*

*Song 74.*

OF all the brave Birds that ere I did see,
The Owl is the fairest in her degree;
For all the day long she sits in a Tree,
And when the night cometh, away flies she,
*To-whit-to-whoo!*
To whom drink'st thou?
Sir knave, to you
This Song is well sung, I'll make you a Vow,
And he is a Knave that drinketh now.
Nose, Nose, Nose; and who gave thee that jolly red
(Nose?
Nutmegs and Cloves; and who gave thee that jolly
(red Nose?

*Song 75.*

THe morning doth wast, to the Meadows let's hast;
For the Sun doth with glory shine on them:
The Maidens must rake whilst the Haycocks we make
Then merrily tumble upon them.
The envy of Court, ne'r aims at our sport;
For we live both honest and meanly;
Their Ladies are fine, but to Venus sublime,
and our Lasses are harmless and cleanly.
Then let us advance our selves in a dance,
And afterwards fall to our labour;
No measure so meet, nor Musick so sweet
To us as a Pipe and a Tabor.

*Song 76.*

BRing us some Sack and Claret,
Clean Pipes and the best Verinus;
We'l swel our veins, and wash our brains,
And *Tom* shall smoak his wry Nose;
Then to *Bacchus* we with merry glee,
Whilst a round our Cups are turning
Will sacrifice this Indian Spice,
On these white Altars burning.

'Tis

'Tis nought to bleed to death Sir,
We'l therefore talk no Treason,
But with this Proviſion
And Ammunition
Beat down the Fort of Reaſon;
Still will we drink
Make our arms cry clinck,
Be free without commanding;
Diſcharge the Can
Till every man
Bid good night to his underſtanding.
Ne'r trouble thy ſelf at the times nor their turnings;
Afflictions run circular, and wheel about
Away with thy murmuring and thy heart burnings
With the juice of the grape we'l quench the fire
Ne'r chain nor impriſon thy ſoul up in ſorrow, (out.
What fails us to day may befriend us to morrow;
Let us ſcorn our content from others to borrow.
Though Fortune hath left us we'l ſtrive to regain her,
And court her with Cups till her favourer come,
Then we with a courage untam'd will maintain her,
And ſilence the noiſe of the enemies drum:
We will fix her unto the man moſt deſerving
He'l keep her at work as well as from ſtarving,
She ſhall not hereafter be at her own carving.

*Song 7th.*

BEauty and Love once fell at odds,
And thus revil'd each other;
Said Love I am one of the Gods,
And you wait on my Mother.
Thou haſt no power o're men at all,
But what I gave to thee;
Nor art thou longer fair or ſweet
Then men acknowledge thee.

Away fond Boy then Beauty ſaid,
We know that thou art blind;
But men have knowing eyes and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee mortals know,
And call'd thee blind deſire;
I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
And wings to kindle fire;
Love then in anger flew away,
And ſtraight to *Vulcan* pray'd
That he would tip his Shafts with ſcorn,
To puniſh this proud Maid.
Thus Beauty ever ſince hath been
But courted for an hour;
To love a day is now a ſin
'Gainſt Cupid and his power.

*Song* 78.

WHen my ſenſe in Wine I ſteep
All my Cares are lull'd aſleep;
Rich in thought I then deſpiſe
*Cræſus* and his Royalties:
Whilſt with Ivy twines I wreath me,
And ſing all the world beneath me:
Others run to martial fights,
I to *Bacchus*'s delights;
Fill the Cup then Boy;
For I drunk then dead had rather lie.

*Song* 79.

NUmber the ſands that do reſtrain
And ſetter the rebellious main,
Count thoſe pale fires that do diſpenſe
To us both light and influence;
The drops of the vaſt Sea divide
Theſe in themſelves be multiply'd,
That all when added into one
May by our kiſſes be out gone
By which when number they ſurmount,
Wee'l teach Arithmatick to count.

*Song*

*Song* 80.

NO I will sooner trust the wind,
when falsly-kind;
It courts the pregnant sails into a storm,
And when the smiling waves perswade,
Be willingly betray'd
Then thy deceitful eyes or form.
Go and beguile some easie heart
With thy vain art,
Thy smiles and kisses on those fools bestow,
Who only see the calms that sleep,
On this smooth flattering deep,
But not the hidden dangers know.
They that like me thy falshood prove,
Will scorn thy love;
Some may deceiv'd at first adore thy shrine
But he that as thy sacrifice,
Doth willingly fall twice,
Dies his own Martyr and not thine.

*Song* 80.

WHen I see the young men play,
Young methinks I am as they;
And my aged thoughts laid by,
To the dance with joy I fly.
Come a flowry Chaplet lend me,
Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me:
Age begone, we'll dance among
Those that young are, and be young.
Bring some Wine Boy, fill about,
You shall see the old man's stout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

*Song* 81.

KNow CÆLIA since thou art so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown,
Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties liv'd unknown:

Had not my Verſe exhal'd thy name,
And with it imp'd the wings of fame,
That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy ſweets thy graces all are mine,
Thou art my Star ſhin'ſt in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed ſphere,
Lightning on him that fix'd theee there,
Tempt me with ſuch affrights no more,
Leſt what I made I uncreate.
Let fools thy miſtick forms adore,
I'l know thee in thy mortal ſtate;
Wiſe Poets that wrapt truth in tales,
Knew her themſelves through all her vails.

## *Song 81.*

COme *Cloris* leave thy wandring Sheep,
Thou ſhalt more amorus Creatures keep;
And be the only envied Dame
That moves upon the graſſie frame;
For thou ſhalt heards of *Cupids* have,
And love and I will be thy ſlave;
Nymphs, Satyrs, and the Silvian Fawns
Shall leave the woods and narrow Lawns
To wait on *Cloris* and adore,
Their *Cytherea* now no more;
The name of *Cloris* ſhall create,
A ſervitude in every ſtate,
In yonder Myrtle grove we'l dwell,
With more content then tongue can tell;
Where hungry Mouls ſhall not affright
Thy tender Lambs or thee by night;
There we the wanton thieves will play,
And ſteal each others hearts away.

Song

*Song* 82.

COme, drink off your Liquor,
'Twill make you the quicker,
For Rhymes, Songs Conceits, or for Ballads;
Be the Wine red or yellow,
The Cups deep or shallow:
There's nought comes amiss to our Pallats.

CHORUS.

*Then Come, drink away:*
*Be it night, or be it day;*
*The time shall be told as it passes:*
*The true hour we shall know*
*By the Ebb and the Flow,*
*Of the jolly quart Pots and the Glasses.*

It stands us upon
To change our Hellicon,
For spring it was nothing but Water;
But hence springs a fire,
That will quicken and inspire,
And tickle our senses with laughter.

CHORUS.

*Then Come, drink away:*
*Be it night, or be it day;*
*The time shall be told as it passes;*
*The true hours we shall know*
*By the Ebb and the Flow,*
*Of the jolly quart Pots and the Glasses.*

*Song* 83.

WHen our Glasses flow with Wine,
And our Souls with Sack are rais'd;
When we are jear'd we do not repine,
Nor are proud when we are prais'd.
'Tis Sack alone can raise our Souls;
A pin for Christning Drinking-Bowls:

Let the Drawer raise our Fancies
With his Wit-refreshing-Drink:
Hang your Stories and Romances,
Those are fit for them that think,
Let him love that hath a mind,
We to drinking are inclin'd.

Wit and Love are the only things
Which fill the thoughts of Kings and us;
Imagination makes us Kings,
And that is rais'd by drinking thus:
Drink your Sack, let Wit alone;
Wit by Drinking best is shown.

*Song.* 84.

A CATCH.

*Diogenes* was merry in his Tub,
And so let us be in our Club;
'Tis mirth that fills our Veins with Blood,
More than either Wine, Sleep, or Food:
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man e'er dy'd of that disease:
'Twill alway keep thy Body in Health,
Then value it above thy Wealth.
'Tis Sadness and Grief that doth bring
Diseases in Autumn, and in the Spring,
Then welcome harmless mirth, let's say;
For the more we laugh, the more we may.

*Song.* 85.

*On a Horse.*

HEre lies not in, but on Earth's Womb,
An Horse expos'd without a Tomb;
No Winding-sheet, nor his own Skin,
Nor laid by any of his Kin.

Yet

Yet was no Jade; Death had a Race,
And took him for his sprightly pace.
Now see his funeral Exequies
Th' Ravens in black do solemnize:
Unto the Skies they him exalt,
Being sepulchred in Airy Vault.
In Living Tombs, he thus out-prides
*Mecha* and *Egypts* Pyramides.
Change now his Epitaph; say not, *Here lies*
*A Horse*; but rather, *Here he flies.*
Mourn not his fate, my friend, since thus
The Horse is now transform'd to *Pegasus.*

*Song* 86.

WHen *Arthur* first in Court began
To wear long hanging Sleeves,
He entertain'd three Serving men,
And all of them were Thieves:
The first he was an Irish man,
The second was a Scot;
The third he was a Welchman;
And all were Knaves I wot.
The Irish man lov'd *usquebah*,
The Scot lov'd Ale call'd *Blew Cap*;
The Welchman he lov'd Toasted Cheese,
And made his mouth a Mouse-trap.
*usquebah* burnt the Irish man,
The Scot was drown'd in Ale,
The Welchman had like t' have been choak't with a Mouse.
But he pull'd her out by the Tayl.

*Song* 87.

IF every Woman were serv'd in her kind,
And every man had his due defere,
The Room in *Bridewel* would be well lin'd,
And a Coach could not pass the streets for a Cart,
Yet I am a little vexed at the heart,

And fain I would have my grief to be known,
The Punk would have me to play a kind part,
And to father a Child that is none of mine own.

Full seventeen months I crost the Seas,
And I was mean time crost as much on the Land:
For all this while she sat at her ease,
And hath her Companions at her command:
There was never a Gallant but gave her his hand,
And said it was pity she should lie alone;
And now she would have me subscribe to a Bond,
And father a Child that is none of my own.

Let every father take care for his Child,
And seek to provide for the Mother and that:
Although I am a Buck, I am not so wild
To nail up my Horns for another mans Hat.
I'll never grieve, but let it pass,
Since it is my fortune to be overthrown;
Although I am an Ox, I'll ne'er be an Ass,
To father a Child that is none of my own.

A man may be made a Cuckold by chance,
And put out another mans Child to Nurse:
So hoodwink his Barn with ignorance;
But he that's a Wittal is ten times worse.
And he that knows his Cross and his Curse,
And will still be led by a strumpets moan,
May fit and sell horns at *Britans Burse*,
And father a Child that is none of his own.

And if you will be my Judge,
Is not that man wondrous base,
To be another mans slave and Drudge,
And sell all his Credit for Disgrace.
Nor was I ever sprung from that Race,
To call that my Seed another hath sown,
For I'll never look King *Charles* in the face,
If I father a Child that is none of mine own.

Song

### Song 88.

YE Fiends and Furies come along,
Each bring a Crow and maſſie Prong;
Come bring your Sheckles, and draw near,
To ſtir up an old Sea-coal cak'd,
That in the hollow Hell hath bak'd
Many a thouſaad thouſand year
In ſulphurous Broth *Tyrius* hath boil'd,
Baſted with Brimſtone: *Tarquin* hath broil'd
Long, long enough; then make room:
Like ſmoaky Flitches hang 'um
Upon their ſooty walls to dry;
A great Raviſher will come.
If you want fire, fetch it from *Ætna* pure,
Yet ſtay a while, and do nought:
For if his glowing eyes ſhould chance
On *Proſerpine* to ſhoot a glance,
He is ſo hot, he'd raviſh her.

### Song 89.

DIſputes daily ariſe, and errors grow bolder,
Philoſophers prattle, and ſo does the Sizer;
The more we ſhould know then by being the older:
But plainly t'appears there's no body wiſer:
He that ſpends what he has, and wiſely drinks all,
'Tis he is the man Ma-the-ma-ti-cal.

### Song 90.

WHere the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips Bell I lie;
There I crouch, when Owls do cry,
On the Bats back I do fly,
After Summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now,
Under the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

Song

### Song 101.

WHat shall he have that kill'd the Deer?
His Leather skin and Horns to wear;
Then sing him home, the rest shall bear his burthen,
Take thou no scorn
To wear the Horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy Fathers Father wore it,
And thy Father bore it:
The Horn, the Horn, the lusty Horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

### Song 102.

A Curse upon thee for a Slave,
Art thou here, and heard'st me rave?
Fly not sparkles from mine eye,
To shew my indignation nigh?
Am I not all foam and fire?
With voice as hoarse as a Town-bryer;
How my back opes and shuts together,
With fury, as old mens with weather?
Could'st thou not hear my teeth knock hither?
Thou nasty, scurvy mungrel Toad,
Mischief on thee, light upon thee,
All the Plagues that can confound thee,
Or did ever reign abroad;
Better a thousand lives it cost,
Then have brave Anger spilt or lost.

### Song 103.

I Can love for an hour when I'm at leisure,
He that loves half a day sins without measure;
*Cupid* come tell me, what Art had thy Mother,
To make me love one face more than another?

Men

Men to be thought more wife daily endeavour
To make the world believe they can love ever.
Ladies believe them not, they will deceive you, (you.
For when they have their wills, then they will leave
Men cannot feaſt themſelves with your ſweet features,
They love variety of charming Creatures;
Too much of any thing ſets them a cooling;
Though they can nothing do, they will be fooling.

*Song* 104.

*Tom* and *Will* were Shepherd-Swains,
They lov'd and liv'd together;
When fair *Paſtora* grac'd their Plains:
Alas! why came ſhe thither?
For though they fed two ſeveral Flocks,
They had but one deſire;
*Paſtora*'s Eyes and Amber Locks,
Set both their hearts on fire.
*Tom* came of honeſt gentle Race,
By Father and by Mother:
*Will* was Noble, but alas,
He was a younger Brother.
*Tom* was toy'd on, *Will* was ſad;
No Huntſman, nor no Fowler:
*Tom* was held a proper Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.
*Tom* would drink her health, and ſwear
The Nation could not want her;
*Will* could take her by the ear,
And with his voice enchant her.
*Tom* kept always in her ſight,
And ne'er forgot his duty,
*Will* was witty, and could write
Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.
Thus did ſhe exerciſe her ſkill,
When both did doat upon her,

She

She graciously did use them still,
And still preserv'd her honour.
So cunning and so fair a She,
And of so sweet behaviour,
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he
Was chiefly in her favour.
Which of those two she loved most,
Or whether she lov'd either;
'Tis thought they'l find it to their cost,
That indeed she lov'd neither.
For to the Court *Pastora's* gone,
'Thad been no Court without her;
The Queen among her train had none
Was half so fair about her.
*Tom* hung his Dog, and threw away
His Sheep-Crook, and his Wallet,
*Will* burst his Pipes, and curst the day
That e'er he made a Sonnet.

## *Song* 105.

'TIs well, 'tis well with them (say I)
Whose short-liv'd passions with themselves can die.
For none can be unhappy, who
Midst all his ills a time doth know,
Though ne'er so long, when he shall not be so.
What ever parts of me remain,
Those parts will still the love of thee retain;
For 'twas not only in my heart,
But like a God, by powerful art,
'Twas all in all, and all in every part.
For my affection no more perish can,
Then the first matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter if one Dust of me
Mixt with one another's substance be,
'Twill leaven that whole Lump with love of thee.

Let

Let Nature, if she please, disperse
My Atoms over all the Universe;
At the last they easily shall
Themselves know, and together call,
For thy Love, like a mark, is stampt on all

*Song* 106.

DEar Love, let me this ev'ning die,
O smile not to prevent it;
But use this opportunity,
Lest we do both repent it.
Frown quickly then, and break my heart,
So that my way of dying
May, though my life prove full of smart,
Be worth the worlds envying.
Some, striving Knowledge to refine,
Consume themselves with thinking;
And some, whose friendship's seal'd in Wine,
Are kindly kill'd with drinking.
And some are wrack't on *Indian* Coast,
Thither by gain invited;
And some in spoak of battel lost,
Whom Drums not Flutes delighted.
Alas, how poorly these depart,
Their Graves still unattended!
Who dies not of a broken heart,
In love is not befriended:
His memory is only sweet,
All praise, no pity moving,
Who fondly at his Mistress feet,
Doth dye with over-loving.
And now thou frownst, and now I die,
My Corps by Lovers follow'd,
Shall shortly by dead Lovers lie,
For that ground's only hallow'd.

If the Priest tak't ill I have a grave,
My death not well approving,
The Poets my Estate shall have,
To teach the Art of loving:
And now let Lovers ring the Bells
For the poor youth departed,
He which all others else excels;
That are not broken-hearted.
My Grave with Flowers let Virgins strow,
But if thy Tears fall near them,
They'l so excel in scent and show,
Thy self will shortly wear them:
Such flowers how much will *Flora* prize,
That on a Lover's growing,
And water'd by his Mistress eyes,
With pity over-flowing?
A Grave so deck'd will (though thou art
Yet fearful to come nigh me)
Provoke thee straight to break thy heart,
And lie down boldly by me.
Then ev'ry where the Bells shall ring,
While all to black is turning,
All Torches burn, and each Quire sing,
As Nature's self were mourning.
And we hereafter may be found
(By Destinies right placing)
Making, like flowers, love under ground,
Whose roots are still embracing.

## *Song* 107.

*Pompey* was a mad-man, a mad-man,
*Pompey* was a mad-man, a mad-man was he,
So long he was a gladman, a gladman,
So long he was a gladman, a gladman was he,
Till *Cæsar* in *Pharsalia* routed his Batralia,
'Cause he was a madder, a madder far than he.

Then

Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be,
And the Devil himself shan't be maddest than we.

*Song* 118.

THe Pot and the Pipe,
The Cup and the Can
Have quite undone, quite undone
Many a man.
The Hawk and the Hound,
The Dice and the Whore,
Have quite undone, quite undone
Many a score,
Quite undone, quite undone
Many a more.

*Song* 119.

THere was three Cooks of *Colebrook*,
And they fell out with our Cook,
And all was for a Pudding they took
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.
Slash Cook,
Swash Cook,
And thou shalt kiss mine Arse Cook,
And all was for a Pudding they took
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*,
And they fell all on our Cook,
And beat him sore that he did look
As black as did the Pudding he took
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.

*Song* 120.

NO man Loves fiery passion, can approve,
As yielding either pleasure or promotion;
I like a mild and luke-warm zeal in Love,
Although I do not like it in devotion.

For

For it hath no coherence with my Creed,
To think that Lovers do as they pretend;
If all that said they dy'd, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long ere this the world had had an end.
Some one perhaps in long Consumption dry'd,
And after falling into Love might dye:
But I dare swear he never yet had dy'd,
Had he been half so sound at heart as I.
Another, rather than incur the slander
Of false Apostate, will true Martyr prove;
But I am neither *Iphys* nor *Leander*,
I'll neither hang, nor drown my self for Love.
Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have dy'd for Love as others do,
But prais'd be *Jove* it was in such a sort,
That I reviv'd within an hour or two.
Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And ne'er had reason to repent me yet,
And whosoever otherwise will do
His Courage is as little as his Wit.

## *Song* 121.

STrait my green Gown into Breeches I'll make,
My long yellow Locks much shorter I'll take,
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.
Then I'll cut me a Switch, and with that ride about,
And wander, and wander, till I find him out;
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.
And when *Philander* shall be dead,
I'll bury him, I'll bury him;
And I'll bury him in a Primrose-Bed,
Then I'll sweetly ring his Knell,
With a pretty Cowslip Bell:
Ding Dong Bell, Ding Dong Bell.

Song

### Song 122.

I Wo' not go to't, I mun not go to't,
For love, nor eet for fee;
For I am a maid, and will be a maid,
And a good one till I dee;
Yet mine intent I could repent,
For one mans company.

### Song 123.

HE that marries a merry Lass,
He has most cause to be sad:
For let her go free in her merry tricks,
She'll work his patience mad.
But he that marries a scold, a scold,
He has most cause to be merry,
For when she's in her fits,
He may cherish his wits,
With singing hey down derry.
He that weds a roaring Girl,
That will both scratch and fight,
Though he study all day
To make her away,
Will be glad to please her at night.
And he that copes with a sullen Wench,
That scarce will speak at all,
Her doggedness more
Than a Scold or a Whore,
Will penetrate his gall.
He that's match't with a Turtle Dove,
That has no spleen about her,
Shall waste so much life,
In love of his Wife,
He had better be without her.

Song

## Song 124.

STay, shut the Gate,
T'other Quart; for 'tis not so late
As your thinking;
The Stars which you see
In the Hemisphere be,
Are but studs in our Cheeks by good drinking.
The Sun's gone to tipple all Night in the Sea, Boys,
To morrow he'l blush, that he's paler than we, Boys,
Drink Wine, give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us the Boys.
Fill up the Glass,
To the next merry Lad let it pass,
Come away with't:
Let's set foot to foot,
And give our minds vent,
'Tis Heretical Sin that doth lay wit.
Then hang up good Faces, let's drink till our Noses
Gives freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection now under the Rose is.
Drink off your Bowl,
'Twill enrich both your head and your soul
With Canary;
For a Carbuncled Face,
Saves a tedious Race,
And the *Indies* about us we carry:
No Helicon like to the Juyce of the Vine is,
For *Phœbus* had never had wit that divine is,
Had his face not been bow-dy'd as thine is & mine is.
This must go round,
Off with your Hats till the Pavement be crown'd
With your Beavers;
A Red-coated Face
Frights a Serjeant and's Mace,
Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers.

In

In ſtate march our Faces, like ſome of the Quorum,
While the whores do fall down, & the vulgar adore 'um
And our Noſes, like Link-Boys, go ſhining before 'um.

*Song* 125.

MY Lodging it is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me moſt, is,
The unkindneſs of my *Dear*;
Yet ſtill I cry, O turn my Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
And alack what Remedie!
I'll crown thee with Garlands of ſtraw then,
And I'll marry thee with a Ruſh Ring,
My frozen hopes ſhall thaw then,
And merrily we will ſing;
O turn to me my dear Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone canſt
Procure my Liberty.
But if thou wilt harden thy heart ſtill,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then I muſt endure the ſmart ſtill,
And tumble in ſtraw all alone,
Yet ſtill I cry, O turn Love,
And I prethee turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
The cauſe of my miſery.

*Song* 126.

THou Deity, ſwift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, ſometimes above;
Little in ſhape, but great in power,
Thou that mak'ſt thy heart a Tower,

And

And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fools and wise,
Did all the Shafts in thy fair Quiver,
Stick fast in my ambitious Liver;
Yet thy power will I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more.

*Song* 127.

HElp, help, O help, *Divinity* of Love,
Or *Neptune* will commit a rape,
Upon my *Chloris*, she's on his Bosom,
And without a wonder cannot scape.
See, see, the winds grow drunk with joy, and throng
So fast to see Loves *Argo*, and the wealth it bears,
That now the tackling and the sails they tear.
They fight, they fight, who shall convey
*Amintor*'s Love into her Bay,
And hurl the Seas at one another,
As if they would the Welkin smother.
Hold *Boreas*, hold! he will not hear;
The Rudder cracks, the Main Mast falls,
The Pilot swears, the Skipper bawls;
A shower of Clouds in darkness fall,
To put out *Chloris* Light withall.
Ye Gods where are ye? Are ye all asleep,
Or drunk with Nectar? Why do you not keep
A Watch upon your Ministers of Fate?
Tye up the Winds, or they will blow the Seas
To Heaven, and drown your Deities.
A calm, a calm, O miracle of Love!
The Sea-born Queen that sits above
Hath heard *Amintor*'s cries,
And *Neptune* now must lose his prize.
Welcome, welcome, *Chloris*, to the shore,
Thou shalt go to Sea no more.

We

We to *Tempes* Groves will go,
Where the calmer winds do blow,
And embark our hearts together,
Fearing neither Rocks nor Weather;
But out-ride the ſtorms of Love,
And for ever conſtant prove.

*Song* 128.

*Cupid*'s no God, a wanton Child,
His Art's too weak, his Power's too mild;
No active heat, nor noble fire
Feathers his Arrows with deſire;
'Tis not his Blow or Shaft, 'tis *Venus* eye
Makes him ador'd, and crowns his Deity.

*Song* 129.

IF freely I might diſcover
What would pleaſe me in my Lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of Court than City;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humerous in her toying,
Of building hopes, and ſoon deſtroying;
Neither too eaſie, nor too hard:
All extreams I would have barr'd.

*Song* 130.

YOung and ſimple though I am,
I have heard of *Cupid*'s name;
Gueſs I can what thing it is
Men deſire when they do kiſs:
Smoak can never burn they ſay,
But the flames that follow may.
I am not ſo fond or fair
To be proud, or to deſpair;

Yet my Lips have oft observ'd
Men that kiss them press too hard,
As glad Lovers use to do,
When their new-met Loves they woo.

Faith 'tis but a foolish mind,
Yet methinks a heat I find,
And thirsty longing that doth bide
Ever on the weaker side.
O! I feel my heart doth move,
*Venus* grant it be not love.

If it be, alas what then?
Were not women made for men?
As good it were a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last.
Roses that are over-blown
Grow less sweet, and fall alone.

Yet no Churl, nor silken Gull,
Shall my Virgin-blossom pull.
Who shall not, I soon can tell,
Who shall, would I could as well;
Yet I'm sure what e'er he be,
Love he must, or flatter me.

*Song* 131.

OH that joy so soon should waste.
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss,
Might not for ever last.
A sugry melting so soft, so delicious,
The Dew that lies on Roses,
When the morn her self discloses,
Is not so precious:
Or rather when I would it smother,
Were I to taste but such another,

It

It would be my wiſhing,
That I might die with kiſſing.

*Song* 132.

WHy ſo pale and wan fond Lover?
Prethee why ſo pale?
If looking well it will not move her,
Can looking ill prevail?
Prethee why ſo pale?
Why ſo dull and mute, young Sinner?
Prethee why ſo mute?
If ſpeaking well it cannot win her,
Can ſaying nothing do't?
Prethee why ſo mute?
Quit, quit, for ſhame? this will not move her,
This cannot take her:
If of her ſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devil take her.

*Song* 133. *Carew.*

AMongſt the *Myrtles*, as I walk'd
Alone, I with my ſighs thus talk'd:
Tell me ſaid I, in deep diſtreſs,
Where I may find my Shepherdeſs.

Thou fool, ſaid Love, know'ſt thou not this?
In every thing that's good ſhe is;
In yonder Tulip go and ſeek,
There thou ſhalt find her Lip and Cheek.

In that enamell'd Pancy by,
There thou ſhalt find her curious eye,
In bloom of Peach, in Roſes Bud,
There waves the ſtreamers of her Blood.

'Tis true, ſaid I, and thereupon
I went and pluck'd them one by one,

To make of parts an Union,
But on a ſudden all was gone.

At which I ſtopt: ſaid Love, Theſe be,
Fond man, Reſemblances of thee:
For as theſe flowers, thy joy muſt die,
Even in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her muſt wither,
As do theſe flowers, when knit together.

*Song* 134.

HOw happy is the Priſoner who conquers his fate
With ſilence, & ne'er on bad fortune complains,
But careleſly plays with his Key on the grate,
And makes a ſweet conſort with them & his chains.
He drowns care with Sack when his heart is oppreſt,
And with that makes it float like a cork in his breſt.
Then ſince we are all ſlaves who Iſlanders be,
And our Land's a large priſon inclos'd with the Sea:
We'l drink off the Ocean, and ſet our ſelves free;
For man is the Worlds Epitomie.

Let Tyrants wear purple deep dyed in the blood
Of thoſe they have ſlain their Scepter to ſway;
If our Conſcience be clear and our Titles be good
To the rags that hang on us, we are richer than (they:
We drink up at night what we can beg or borrow,
And ſleep without plotting for more the next mor- (row.
Then ſince we are all, &c.

Come Drawer fill each man a Pint of Canary,
This Brimmer ſhall bid all our ſences good night;
When old *Ariſtotle* was frolick and merry
With the juyce of the Grape he turn'd ſtagarite:

Coper-

*Copernicus* once in a drunken fit found
By the course of his brains, that the earth did turn round.
Then since we are all, &c.

'Tis Sack makes our faces like Comets to shine,
And gives us a beauty beyond complexions Masque:
*Diogenes* fell so in love with his Wine,
Then when 'twas all out he dwelt in the Cask;
He liv'd by the scent in that close wainscotted room,
When dying requested the Tub for his Tomb.
Then since we are all Slaves, &c.

Though the Usurer watch on his Bags and his House,
to keep that from robbers he rak'd from his debtors:
Each midnight cryes Thieves at the noyse of a mouse,
Then looks if his Bags are fast bound in the fetters;
When once he's grown rich enough for a State Plot,
In one hour Buff plunders, what threescore years got.
Then since we are all Slaves, &c.

Let him never so privately muster his Gold,
His Angels will their Intelligence be;
How close they are prest in his canvas hold,
And long that State-Souldiers should set them all free.
Let him pine and be hang'd we will merrily sing,
Who hath nothing to lose may cry God blesse the King.
Then since we are all Slaves who Ilanders be,
And our Land's a large Prison inclos'd with the Sea:
We'l drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free;
For man is the Worlds Epitomie.

*Song* 135.

WE'll call and drink the Cellar dry,
There's nothing sober underneath the Sky,
The greatest Kingdoms in Confusion lie;
If all the world grows mad, why may not I?

My Father's dead and I am free,
He left no Children in the world but me,
The Devil drunk him down in uſury,
And I'll repine in liberality.

When firſt the Engliſh Wars began,
He was Sir-reverence a Parliament man,
And gain'd his Wealth by Sequeſtration,
Till OLIVER begun
To come with Sword in hand
And put him to the run.

Then Royaliſts ſince you are undone,
So by the Father, come home to the Son,
Whom wine and muſick now do wait upon.
We'll tipple up a Tun,
And drink our woes away,
Cavaliers come on, come on.

Here's a health to him that may
Do a trick to advance us all
And beget a merry Jovial day.
Fill another Bowl to he,
That hath drunk by ſtealth
His Landlords health,
If his ſpirit and his tongue agree.

The Land ſhall celebrate his fame,
All the world embalm his name
No Royal right good Fellow
But will ſacrifice the ſame.
The Bells ſhall all merrily ring,
All the Town ſhall dance and ſing,
With more delight then I can tell ye:
When we ſee this Royal Spring
We'll have our Ladies by the belly,
And a ſnatch at the other Thing.

We'll be bonny and jolly,
Quaff, carouſe and reel;
We'll play with *Peggy* and *Molly*,
Dance and kiſs and feel:
We'll put up the Bagpipes and Organ,
And make the Welch Harp to play,
Till *Morris ap Shinkin ap Morgan*
Frisk on St *Taffies* day;
Hold out Ginny Piper,
Come play us a ſpring,
All you that have Muſick,
May tipple, dance and ſing.
Let the French Monſieur come and ſwear,
Intreut Monſieur,
Dis is dé thing ve long to hear
So many year.
Dancing will be look'd upon;
Begar his dancing days be done
When de flower deluce grows
With dé Engliſh Crown and Roſe,
Dats very good as we ſuppoſe,
De French can live without a noſe.

*Song* 136.

FArewel thou deareſt of my Crimes,
Be never more th' abuſer of my times,
Leſt that I curſe too late
The Errors of my Fate,
Which made me love thee:
All ye Deities Divine,
Strengthen this requeſt of mine;
Then may I ſay,
Frail Delight paſs away,
I am rul'd by a Power that's above thee.
No more ſhall thy ſeducing ſmiles
Thy winning looks, or other ſweet beguiles,

Have power to withdraw
My heart from Love, by Law
Sealed to another.
*Cupid*, I thy power defie,
Thou art a flattering Deity;
And there are none
But say, Thou art the Son
Of a fair, foolish, fickle, wanton Mother.

*Song* 138.

A Silly poor Shepherd was folding his Sheep,
He walked so long he got cold in his feet;
He laid on his Coals by two and by three,
But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.

Alas, good Wife, what shall we do now;
To buy us more fewel we'll sell the brown Cow;
To buy us more Coals to warm thee and me:
But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.

Some Shepherds, said she, themselves warm can keep,
By feeding their Flocks, and folding their Sheep,
But when thou com'st home with thy Tarbox & Hook,
O it grieves me to see how Cuc-cold thou dost look.

Alas, good wife, I walk through dew, dirt and mire,
Whilst thou perhaps warmest thy self with a Fire,
With a Friend in a Corner, in some such sort, whereby
The warmer thou art, the Cuc-colder am I.

*Song* 139.

*To a Cuckold.*

CORNUTUS call'd his wife both whore and slut,
Quoth she, you'l never leave your brawling but:
But what quoth he, quoth she, the post or the dore;
For you have Horns to But, if I'me a Whore.

*Song*

*Song* 140.

HOw great a Number in one rigid fate
*Cloris* do you involve
If only you resolve,
A dead adorer to commiserate,
And will not own the trophies of your eyes,
Till death hath made the world your sacrifice.

Repeal fair *Cloris* this severe decree
Unless your sins you will not hide,
But in your mischiefs take a pride,
Think then but how untoward it would be:
A thing so grim so rude as death should dare,
To make a Court to one so young so fair.

*Song* 141.

YOur merry Poets, old Boys,
Of *Aganippus* Well,
Full many Tales have told, Boys,
Whose Liquor doth excel;
And how that place was haunted
By those that lov'd good Wine,
Who tippl'd there, and chaunted
Among the Muses Nine;
Where still they cry'd, Drink clear, Boys,
And you shall quickly know it,
That 'tis not lousie Beer, Boys,
But Wine that makes a Poet.

*Song* 142.

IN a season all oppressed,
With sad sorrows sore distressed
*Troylus* said unto his *Cressed*,
Yield, O yield thee, Sweet, and stay not:
O no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, sweet Love I may not.

Strife in Love, is Loves uniting,
These hands were not made for fighting
But for mutual hearts delighting:
Yield, O yield then, Sweet, and stay not:
O no, no, &c. sweet Love, I may not.

Dear, if you will still persever
In this No, which answers never,
Do what I desire you ever,
And again say No, and spare not:
O no, no, &c. I dare not.

Since nor time, nor place, nor plaining
Can change this word of disdaining,
What is there for me remaining,
But to die, if you gain-say not?
O no, no, no, &c. I may not.

*Song* 143.

COme, come, you Ladies of the Night,
That in silent sports delight,
And see the wanton Moon-shine play,
To light us in our doleful way.
Come, come, come, Ladies come;
The night's not blind, though deaf & dumb.

Ladies, have you seen a Toy
Called Love, a little Boy?
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind.
If he be 'mongst you, Ladies, say,
That he is *Venus* Run-away.
Marks he hath about him plenty,
You may know him amongst twenty;
As his Body is on fire,
And his breath out-flames desire,
So being sent like Lightning in,
He wounds our hearts, but not our skin.

If

If any here can but discover
Where this winged Wag doth hover,
For her pains shall have a kiss,
When and where her heart can wish
But she that can but bring him to his Mother,
From *Venus* and her Boy shall have another.

*Song* 144.

WHy should passion lead thee blind,
'Cause thy Mistress is unkind;
She's yet too young to know delight,
And is not plum'd for *Cupid*'s flight.
She cannot yet in height of pleasure,
Pay her Lovers equal measure:
But like a Rose, new blown, doth feed
The Eye alone, but yield no seed
She is as yet but in her Spring,
Cold in love, till *Cupid* bring
A hotter season with his fires
Which soon will kindle her desire.
Autumn will shortly come and greet her,
Making her taste and colour sweeter:
Her ripeness then will soon be such,
That she will fall, even with a touch.

*Song* 145.

HE that will court a Wench that is coy,
That is proud, that is peevish and antick,
Let him be careless to sport and toy,
And as peevish as she is frantick:
Laugh at her, and slight her,
Flatter her, spight her,
Rail and commend her again.
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come close to her,
Such Girls will love such men.

He that will court a Wench that is mild,
That is ſoft and kind of behaviour;
Let him kindly woo her.
Not roughly come to her;
'Tis the way to win her favour.
Give her kiſſes plenty;
She'll take them were they twenty;
Stroke her and kiſs her again;
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Such Girls do love ſoft men.
He that will court a Wench that is mad.
That will ſqueek and cry out if you handle her,
Let him kiſs and fling,
Till he make the houſe ring,
'Tis the only way to tame her:
Take her up and touze her,
Salute her and rouze her,
Then kiſs her and pleaſe her again:
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her;
Mad Girls do love mad men.

*Song* 146.

BEhold the brand of Beauty toſt,
See how the motion does dilate the flame,
Delighted Love his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this Game?
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear,
Moving the Mind
Like Lightning hurled through the Air.

High Heaven, the glory doth increaſe
Of all her ſhining Lamps this artful way;
The Sun in figures, ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the Moon to play;

To these sweet strains they advance
Which do result from their own sphears,
As this Nymphs dance
Moves with the Numbers which she hears.

*Song* 147.

HOw ill doth he deserve a Lovers name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in spight of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire.

True Love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love, that could retreat;
That Noble flame which my Breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive,
When my Soul's fled?
Nor shall my Love die when my Body's dead,
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.

My very Ashes in their Urn,
Shall, like a hallowed Lamp, for ever burn.

*Song* 148.

LEt fools great *Cupids* yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better,
Whilst proud of my triumphant Chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murd'ring glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles so please me,
As he brings ruine that repairs
The sweet afflictions that displease me.

Hide

Hide not thoſe panting Balls of Snow,
With envious Veils from my beholding;
Unlock thoſe Lips their pearly row,
In a ſweet ſmile of love unfolding.

And let thoſe eyes whoſe motion wheels
The reſtleſs fate of every Lover;
Survey the pains my ſick heart feels,
And wounds themſelves have made, diſcover.

*Song* 149.

## *Priſoners of* Ludgate's *Song.*

NOble King *Lud* here haſt thou ſtood,
Here haſt thou ſtood,
Not fram'd of Wood, but of Stones;
Stone ſure thou art, like our Creditors heart,
Which cares not a fart for our groans:
Within thy Gates
They cry at thy Grates,
Though it move the States of this City;
Our calling, our yawling, our bawling, it moves not
Our Creditors hearts unto pity.
In Caps and in Coats, with ſorrowful notes,
And tearing our throats for relief;
Good Sir we cry, with a Box hanging by,
Here's a hundred that lie full of grief;
The gallants ride on, and ne'er think upon
Our pitiful moan which we make,
But rumbling, and tumbling, and jumbling their
The ſtones in the ſtreets they do ſhake. (Coaches,
Merchants that go by the Gate to and fro,
Their hearts at our woe ſeem to quake;
Thinking what croſſes, what grief and what loſſes
When their Caracks to Seas they do take,
Theſe men are beſt, remorſe in their breſt,
Doth harbour and reſt to the needy;

They,

They roundly, profoundly, and soundly are giving,
As if they to free them were greedy:
Others pass by, and cast up an eye,
Upon that our cry in disdain;
Saying, that we, all quickly would be,
If now we were free, here again:
Let them take heed that mock us indeed,
And thus at our need go by grinning;
Tis so man that no man can know man his ending,
Though well he may know his beginning.

*Song* 150.

*Stre.* ORpheus, I am come from the deeps below
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to show,
To the fair Fields where Loves eternal dwel,
Ther's none that come, but first they pass through hell.
Hark, and beware, unless thou hast lov'd ever,
Belov'd again, thou shalt see those Joys never.
Hark how they groan that died despairing!
O take heed then:
Hark how they howl for ever daring!
All these were men.
They that be fools, and dye for fame,
They lose their name;
And they that bleed,
Hark how they speed.
Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires,
They sit and curse their lost desires:
Nor shall their souls be free from pains and fears,
Till women waft them over in their tears.

*Song* 151.

*Orph.* CHaron, O Charon,
Thou Wafter of the Souls to Blis or Bane,
*Cha.* Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?
*Orph.* Come near,

And

And say who lives in Joy, and who in Fear.
*Cha.* Thoſe that die well, eternal Joy ſhall follow:
Thoſe that die ill, their own ſoul-fate ſhall ſwallow.
*Orph.* Shall thy black Bark thoſe guilty Spirits ſtow,
That kill themſelves for Love?
*Cha.* O no, O no.
My Cordage cracks when ſuch great ſins are near,
No wind blows fair, nor I my ſelf can ſtear.
*Orph.* What Lovers paſs, and in *Elyſium* raign?
*Cha.* Thoſe gentle Loves that are belov'd again.
*Orph.* This Souldier loves, and fain would die to win,
Shall he go on?
*Cha.* No, 'Tis too foul a ſin:
He muſt not come aboard: I dare not row,
Storms of deſpair and guilty blood will blow.
*Orph.* Shall time releaſe him? Say?
*Cha.* No, no, no, no;
Nor time, nor death can alter us, nor prayer;
My Boat is Deſtined, and who then dare,
But thoſe appointed, come aboard? Live ſtill,
And love by reaſon, Mortal, not by Will.
*Orph.* And when thy Miſtriſs ſhall cloſe up thine eyes.
*Cha.* Then come aboard and paſs.
*Orph.* Till then be wiſe.
*Cha.* Till then be wiſe.

*Song* 150.

Arm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks cloſe, and now your honour win.
Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears?
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempeſt powring;
O view the wings of Horſe, the Meadows ſcowring.
The Vant-guard marches bravely, hark the Drums. *Dub*
They meet, they meet, now the Battle comes: *(Dub*

See

See how the Arrows fly,
That darken all the Sky;
Hark how the Trumpets sound,
Hark how the Hills rebound — Tara, tara, tara.
Hark how the horses charge in boys, in boys in, tara, tara
The Battel totters, now the wounds begin,
O how they cry!
O how they dye!
Room for the valiant *Memnon* arm'd with Thunder,
See how he breaks the Ranks asunder:
They fly, they flye, *Eumenes* hath the Chase,
And brave *Politius* makes good his place.
To the Plains, to the Woods,
To the Rocks, to the Floods,
They fly for succour: follow, follow, follow, hey, hey,
Hark how the Souldiers hollow
Brave *Diocles* is dead,
And all his Souldiers fled,
The Battle's won and lost,
That many a life hath cost.

*Song* 153.

CAst our Caps and Care away, this is Beggars holiday,
At the crowning of our King, thus we ever dance & sing as he,
In the world look out and see, where so happy a *Prince*
Where the Nation lives so free, and so merry as do we:
Be it Peace, or be it War, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest, to the field we are not prest:
Nor are cal'd into the town to be troubled with the gown,
Hang all Offices we cry, and the Magistrate too by:
When the subsidies increas'd, we are not a peny sess'd
Now wil any go to law, with the beggar for a straw?
All which happiness he brags, he doth ow unto his rags.

*Song*

*Song* 154.

BRing out your Coney-skins fair Maids to me,
And hold 'em fair that I may see,
Grey, black, and blue; for your smaller skins
I'll give ye Looking-glasses, pins:
And for your whole Coney here's ready, ready mony.
Come gentle *Jone* do thou begin,
With thy black, black, black Coney-skin;
And *Mary* then and *Jane* will follow,
With their silver-hair'd skins, and their yellow:
The white Coney-skin I will not lay by,
For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye:
The grey it is warm, but yet for my money
Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney.
Come away fair Maids, your skins will decay,
Come and take money Maids, put your ware away.
Coney-skins, Coney-skins, have you any Coney-kins,
I have fine Bracelets, and fine silver Pins.

*Song* 155.

SInce we poor slavish Women know
Our Men we cannot pick and choose;
To him we like why say we no,
We have no pleasure to refuse:
By our put-offs, and fond delays
A lovers appetite we pall;
And if the Gallant stays too long,
His stomach's gone for good and all.
Or our impatient amorous guest,
Unknown to us away may steal;
And rather then stay for a Feast,
Take up with some course ready Meal:
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be so too;
And if the Man be to her mind,
Tell her she must not let him go.

The

The Match ſoon made is happy'ſt ſtill,
For Love hath only there to do;
Let no one marry 'gainſt her will,
But ſtand off when her Parents woe,
And only to their ſuit be coy;
For ſhe whom Joynture can obtain,
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy
Is but a lawfull ——— for gain.

*Song* 156.

LEt Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they pleaſe,
I'll no more on their Deities call;
Nor trouble the fates but I'll give my ſelf eaſe,
And be happy in ſpight of them all;
I will have my *Phillis* if I once go about her;
Or if I have not, I'll live better without her.
But if ſhe prove vertuous, obliging and kind,
Perhaps Ile vouchſafe for to love her;
But if pride and inconſtancy in her I find
I'd have her to know I'm above her;
For at length I have learnt now my Fetters are gon,
To love if I pleaſe, or to let it alone.

*Song* 157.

I'D have you, quoth he,
Wou'd you have me, quoth ſhe,
O where, Sir.
In my Chamber, quoth he,
In your Chamber, quoth ſhe,
Why there, Sir.
To kiſs you, quoth he,
To kiſs me, quoth ſhe,
O why, Sir.
'Cauſe I love it, quoth he,
Do you love it, quoth ſhe,
So do I, Sir.

*Song*

*Song* 158.

BRoom, Broom, the bonny Broom,
Come buy my Birchen Broom,
I'th wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny Broom
For a kiss take two;
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole Treasure:
If all these will not do't,
Take the Broom-man to boot:
Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom.

*Song* 159.

*On our falling out with* Spain.

HE that's wise and wary
Quaffs of his Canary,
Nor leaves in the bottom a drop,
Since the *Spaniard* and we
Can no longer agree,
Fill my Goblet up to the top.

There is in this Nation
Free from Sequestration,
A Party that scorns to submit,
Whose estates to speak plain,
Lie all in their brain,
Their farms and free-holds are their wit.

But to speak truth
They are but little worth,
Except them with Sack you manure:
*Parnassus* I doubt,
By our late falling out,
Will a strict sequestration endure.

Hang

Hang the Brains that are ſteddy,
Mine ſhall always be giddy
Turning round with Canary unmixt;
The Cœleſtial Spheres
Have their whirling Cariers,
Dull earth's only ſolid and fixt.

'Tis my judgment, nor ſwerve I
From the learn'd Doctor *Harvey*,
Who the bloods circulation maintains;
Then I hope you'l agree
That this motion may be,
As duly performed by our brains.

Fit for truſt never think him,
That ſhirks in his drinking,
I account him *a felo de ſe*;
He's a pitiful elf,
And a thief to himſelf,
He'l never be honeſt to thee.

Our great one hath ſpoken,
That our league muſt be broken,
For weighty matters of State;
But they'r all but pretences,
For the War thus commences,
And this is the ſole ground of our hate.

*Nol* by Trade's a Brewer,
*Don*'s a Vintner I'm ſure,
Ambition's the Dam of the quarrel;
The great preparation
For War in this Nation,
Is to make the Pipe leſs then the Barrel.

*Song* 160.

THe Wars are done and gone,
And Souldiers now neglected Pedlars are;
Come, Maidens, come along;

For

For I can ſhew you handſome, handſome ware;
Powders for the head,
And drinks for your Bed,
To make ye blithe and bonny;
As well in the night we Souldiers can fight,
And pleaſe a young Wench as any.

*Song* 161.

WIll ye buy any honeſty? come away,
I ſell it openly by day;
I bring no forced Light nor Candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle.
This will ſhew the great man good,
The Tradeſman where he ſwears and lies,
Each Lady of a Noble bloud,
The City Dame to rule her eyes:
Ye are rich men now, come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honeſt men.

*Song* 162.

HAve many crackt Maidenheads to new leach or mend?
Have ye any old Maidenheads to ſell, or to change?
Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin
Shall make 'em as good Maids agen
As ever they have been.

*Song* 163.

'TIs late and cold, ſtir up the fire,
Sit cloſe, and draw the Table nigher:
Be merry and drink Wine that's old,
A hearty Med'cine 'gainſt a Cold.
Your beds of wanton Down the beſt,
Where you ſhall tumble to your reſt:
I could wiſh you wenches too,
But I am old and cannot do;
Call for the beſt, the houſe may ring,
Sack, White, and Claret let them bring,

And

And drink apace, while breath you have,
You'l find but cold drink in the Grave;
Plover, Partridge for your Dinner,
And a Capon for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you are up,
And your Horse shall have his sup:
Welcome shall fly round,
And I shall smile, though under ground.

*Song* 164.

COme follow me you Country Lasses,
And you shall see such sport as passes:
You shall dance, and I will sing,
*Pedro* he shall rub the string;
Each shall have a loose-bodied Gown
Of green, and laugh till you lie down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

*Song* 165.

HOw long shall I pine for love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long, like the Turtle Dove,
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the sails of my love stand still?
Shall the grists of my hopes be unground?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

*Song* 166.

I'Ll sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'll tell you before-hand you'l find *nothing* in't,
On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I slight,
Nor care I a pin, if I get *nothing* by't.
Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish, & Men
Did start out of *nothing*, a Chaos, a Den;
And all things shall turn into *nothing* agen.

'Tis

'Tis *nothing* ſometimes that makes many things hit,
As when fools among wiſe men do ſilently ſit,
A fool that ſays *nothing* may paſs for a wit.
What one man loves is another mans loathing:
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a new thing,
And both do in the concluſion love *nothing*.
Your Lad that makes love to a delicate ſmooth thing,
And thinking with ſighs to gain her and ſoothing,
Frequently makes much ado about *nothing*.
At laſt when his Patience and Purſe is decaid,
He may to the bed of a whore be betraid;
But ſhe that hath *nothing*, muſt needs be a maid.
Your ſlaſhing, and claſhing, and flaſhing of wit,
Doth ſtart out of *nothing* but fancy and fit;
'Tis little or *nothing* to what hath been writ.
When firſt by the ears we together did fall,
Then ſomething got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it ſhall.
That Party that ſeal'd to a Cov'nant in haſte,
Who made our 3 Kingdoms, and Churches lie waſte,
Their project, and all came to *nothing* at laſt.
They raiſed an Army of horſe and of foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, branches and root;
They thunder'd and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't.
The Organ, the Altar, and Miniſters clothing,
In Presbyter *Jack* begot ſuch a lothing,
That he muſt needs raiſe a petty new *nothing*.
And when he had rob'd us in ſanctifi'd clothing,
Perjur'd the people by faithing and trothing;
At laſt he was catch'd, and all came to *nothing*.
In ſeveral Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Diſpute, and contend, and to fighting we fall;
I'll lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.
When war, and Rebellion, and plundering grows,
The mendicant man is the freeſt from foes;
For he is moſt happy hath *nothing* to loſe.

Brave

Brave *Cæsar*, and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies did follow as Gooſe follows Gander,
*Nothing* can ſay to an action of ſlander.
The wiſeſt great Prince, were he never ſo ſtout,
Though conquer'd the world, & gave mankind a rout;
Did bring *nothing* in, nor ſhall bear *nothing* out.
Old *Noll* that aroſe to High-thing from Low-thing,
By brewing Rebellion, nicking and frothing,
In ſeven years ſpace was both All-things and *nothing*.
*Dick* (*Olivers* heir) that pitiful ſlow-thing,
Who once was inveſted with Purple clothing,
Stands for a Cypher, and that ſtands for *nothing*.
If King-killers bold are excluded from bliſs,
Old *Bradſhaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing*, than what now he is.
Blind Colonel *Hewſon*, that lately did crawl
To lofty degree from a low Coblers ſtall,
Did bring All to *nothing*, when Awl came to Awl.
Your Gallant that rants it in delicate clothing,
Though lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.
The nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,
When Death doth arreſt him and bear him away,
At the General Bar will have *nothing* to ſay.
Whores that in ſilk were by Gallants embrac't,
y a rabble of Prentices lately were chac't,
hus courting and ſporting comes to *nothing* at laſt.
If any man tax me with weakneſs of wit,
And ſay that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ,
I ſhall anſwer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.
Yet let his diſcretion be never ſo tall,
This very word *nothing* ſhall give it a fall,
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.
Let every man give the Poet his due;
Cauſe then 'twas with him, as now it's with you,
He ſtudy'd it when he had *nothing* to do.

This

This very word *nothing*, if took the right way,
May prove advantageous, for what would you ſay,
If the Vintner ſhould cry, there's *nothing* to pay.

*Song* 167.

A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
There's none leads a life more jocund than he.
A Beggar I was, and a Beggar I am,
A Beggar I'll be, from a Beggar I came;
If as it begins our tradings do fall,
We in the concluſion ſhall Beggars be all.
Tradeſmen are unfortunate in their affairs,
And few men are thriving, but Courtiers & Players.
A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
A Filer my Siſter, a Filcher my Brother,
A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for pelf,
A Lifter my Aunt, and a Beggar my ſelf:
In white wheaten ſtraw when their Bellies were full,
Then I was begot between Tinker and Trull.
And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
For there's none leads a life more jocund than he.
When boys do come to us, and that their intent is
To follow our calling, we ne'er bind them Prentice:
Soon as they come to't, we teach them to do't,
And give them a ſtaff and a wallet to boot,
We teach them their Lingua to crave and to cant,
The Devil is in them, if then they can want.
And or he or ſhe, that Beggars will be,
Without Indentures they ſhall be made free.
We beg for our bread, yet ſometimes it happens,
We Feaſt it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
For Churches affairs we are no men-ſlayers,
We have no religion, yet live by our prayers.
But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purſes,
We charge and give fire with a volley of Curſes.
The Devil confound your good Worſhip we cry,
And ſuch a bold brazen-fac't Beggar am I.

We

We do things in season, and have so much reason
We raise no rebellion, nor ever talk treason,
We bill at our mates at very low rates,
Whilst some keep their quarters at high as the gates
With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blue-cap or Tege,
We into no Covenant enter nor League.
*And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,*
*For none lives a life so jocund as he.*
For such petty pledges as shirts from the hedges,
We are not in fear to be drawn upon sledges;
But sometimes the whip doth make us to skip,
And then we from Tithing to Tithing do trip:
For when in a poor bouzing ken we do bib it,
We stand more in fear of the Stocks than the Gibbet.
*And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,*
*For when it is night in the Barn tumbles he.*
We throw down no Altar, nor ever do faulter,
So much as to change a Gold Chain for a Halter;
Though some men do flout us, and others do doubt us,
We commonly bear forty pieces about us:
But many good Fellows are fine and look fiercer,
That ow for their cloths to their Tailor and Mercer.
*And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,*
*I fear not the Compter, Kings-bench, nor the Fleet.*
Sometimes I do frame my self to be lame,
And when a Coach comes I do hop to my game.
We seldom miscarry, or ever do marry
By the Gown Common-Prayer, or Cloak Directory.
But *Simon* and *Susan* like birds of a feather,
They kiss and they laugh, and so lie down together.
*Like Pigs in the Pease-straw intangled they lie,*
*Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.*

*Song.* 168.

BRight shines the Sun, play Beggars play,
Here's Scraps enough to serve to day.

What noise of Viol's half so sweet,
As when our merry clappers meet?
What mirth doth want when Beggars meet?
It is no misery to be poor.
Eat, drink, and play, sleep when we list,
Go where we will, no Stocks be mist.
Bright shines the Sun, &c.

The world is ours, and ours alone;
For we alone have world at will;
We purchase not, all is our own:
Both fields and streets we Beggars fill.
Nor care to get, nor fear to keep
Did ever break a Beggars sleep.
Bright shines the Sun, &c.

A hundred head of black and white
Upon our Downs securely feed,
If any dares his master bite,
He dies therefore as sure as Creed.
Thus Beggars Lord it as they please,
And none but Beggars live at ease.
Bright shines the Sun, &c.

*Song* 169.

STay noble hearts th' other Quart,
What dull fate is this that parts our communion?
But late now we were resolv'd to stay here,
Till *Phœbus* dissolv'd our union.
Is he gone to tipple boy, and shall we choak here?
Is he hem'd in with vapors, & shall we not smoke here?

Boy fill the glass, here's a health
To each man here, and his Lass, fill't up higher:
Or give me a Bowl, for I am thirsty at soul,
Whose top to the roof may aspire.
There's no harm in good Sherry,
Take my word, none at all, Boys,

It raiſes us up again, though we do fall, Boys,
And makes even a Pigmy Gigantick and tall, Boys.

*Song* 170.

SUre it is ſo, then let it go,
Let the giddy-brain'd times turn round,
Let the Cobler be crown'd,
And Monarchy thus we recover;
Let Fools go and preach,
And the Apes go and teach,
And the Clown be the amorous Lover.

Let Fortune be blind, and Love prove unkind,
And a Cobler as ſtout as HECTOR,
Let DIANA turn Whore,
Let Exciſe-men grow poor,
And a Brewer a ſecond Protector.

Let the great Epicure no juncates endure,
And an excellent Tradeſman go hoop tir,
Let a Whoremaſter hap
To want a good clap,
And a Taylor at laſt turn a Trooper.

Let Merchants want gains, and Lovers high ſtrains,
And a Farmer his Skill in Cowing,
Let the Lawyer come down
To put off his Gown,
And put on his Jacket for plowing.

Let an Hoſtler want dung, and an Orator tongue,
And the Poets a ſenſe of framing,
Let a Lyer want skill
To have wit at will,
And a common Shark know no Gaming.

He that ne'r read nor writ, ſhall be the only wit,
And in theſe and the like diſaſters,
There will none think me rude,
If I boldly conclude,
That this is a mad world, my maſters.

*Song* 171.

CAlm was the Evening, and clear was the ſky,
And the new budding flowers did ſpring,
When all alone went *Amyntas* and I
To hear the ſweet Nightingale ſing;
I ſate, and he laid him down by me,
And ſcarſly his breath he could draw,
But when with a fear
He began to draw near,
He was daſht with a *ha ha ha ha.*

He bluſht to himſelf and lay ſtill for a while,
For his modeſty curb'd his deſire,
But ſtreight I convinc'd all his fears with a ſmile,
And added new flames to his fire.
Ah *Sylvia* ſaid he you are cruel
To keep your poor Lover in awe:
Then once more he preſt
With his hands to my Breſt,
But was daſht with a *ha ha ha ha.*

I knew 'twas his Paſſion that caus'd all his Fear,
And therefore I pitied his caſe,
I whiſper'd him ſoftly, there's no body near,
And I laid my cheek cloſe to his face,
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and ſaw,
And juſt as our bliſs
Began with a kiſs,
He burſt out with *a ha ha ha ha.*

*Song*

Song 172.

*Damon.*

Celamina, of my heart
None shall e'r bereave you,
If with your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day:
I shall never leave you.

*Celamina.*

Passion's but an empty name,
Where respect is wanting.
*Damon*, you mistake your aim,
Hang your heart and burn your flame,
If you must be ranting.

*Damon.*

Love as pale and muddy is
As decaying Liquor:
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works the quicker.

*Celamina.*

Love by quarrel to beget
Wisely you endeavour;
With a brave Physicians wit,
Who to cure an Ague fit
Puts me in a Fever.

*Damon.*

Anger rouzes Love to fight,
And its only bait is;
'Tis the spur to vain delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at the height is.

*Celamina.*

If you ſuch drops of heat can fall
In our wooing weather;
If ſuch drops of heat can fall,
We ſhall have Devils and all
When we come together,

*Song 173.*

CAll for the Maſter, O this is fine,
He boaſts of his twenty rich Nectars,
Liquors of life, but lees of dead wine:
For us the Cocks of the Hectors.
Wine wherein flies were drowned laſt Summer;
Hang't, let it paſs, here's a health in a rummer.
Hang't, let it, &c.
Bold Hectors we are of *Londons* new *Troy*:
Fill us more wine, hark here ſirrah Boy.
Speak in the Dolphin, ſpeak in the Swan;
Drawer, anon ſir, anon.
*Ralph*, *George*, ſpeak in the Star;
The Reckoning's unpaid, we'l pay at the Bar.
The Reckoning's unpaid, &c.
A quart of Claret in the Mitre, ſcore.
The Hectors are ranting, *Tom* ſhut the door
A skirmiſh begins, beware pates and ſhins,
The Piſpots are down, the Candles are out,
The Glaſſes are broke, and the Pots fly about.
*Ralph*, *Ralph*, ſpeak in the Chequer: by and by.
*Robin* is wounded, and the Hectors do fly:
Call for the Conſtable, let in the Watch:
Theſe Hectors of *Holborn* ſhall meet with their match.
Theſe Hectors, &c.
At midnight you bring your Juſtice among us,
But all the day long you do us the wrong,
When for *Verinus* you bring us *Mundungus*.
Your Reckonings are large, and your Bottles are ſmal,

Still

Still changing our wine as fast as we call,
Your Canary has Lime in't, your Claret has stunn,
Tell the Constable this, and then let him come,
*Tell the Constable this*, &c.

*Song* 174.

*Cupid* once was weary grown
With womans errands, laid him down
On a refreshing rosie bed;
The same sweet covert harboured
A Bee, and as she always had
A quarrel with Loves idle Lad,
Stings the soft Boy: pain and strong fears,
Streight melts him into cries and tears.
As wings and feet would let each other,
Home he hastens to his mother,
Then on her knees he hangs his head,
And cries, O mother I am dead,
An ugly Snake, they call a Bee,
(O see it swell) hath murthered me.
*Venus* with smiles reply'd, O sir,
Does a Bees sting make all this stir?
Think what pains then attend those darts,
Wherewith thou still art wounding hearts;
E'en let it smart, may chance that then,
Thou 'lt learn more pity towards men.

*Song* 175.

Come ye Termagnant Turks,
If your Bassa dares land ye,
While the wine bravely works,
Which was brought us from *Candy*
Wealth the least of our care is,
The poor misplace'd ne'r are undone,
Avous Mounsieur of *Paris*
To the backswords of *London*.

*Diego*, thou in a trice
Shalt advance thy lean belly,
For their Hens and their Rice
Make *Pillau* like a Jelly.
Let them land fine and free,
For my Cap, though an old one,
Such a Turbant shall be,
Thou wilt think it a gold one,
It is seven to one odds.
They had safer sail'd by us,
While our wine lasts in *Rhodes*,
They shall water at *Chios*.

*Song* 176.

In the merry moneth of *May*,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walkt the woods so wide,
When as *May* was in her pride,
There I spyed all alone
*Phillida* and *Coridon*.

Much ado there was I wot,
He could love, but she could not,
His Love he said, was ever true,
Nor was mine ere false to you,
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, Love should have no wrong:

*Coridon* would kiss her then,
She said, Maids must kiss no men,
Till they kiss for good and all,
Then she made the Shepheards call
Their fellow Swains to witness sooth
Ne'r was lov'd so fair a Youth.
Then with many a pretty Oath,
As yea and nay, and faith and troth:

Such

Such as silly Shepherds use,
When they will not love abuse;
Love that had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And *Phillida* with Garlands gay,
Was crown'd the Lady of the *May*.

*Song* 177.

*Charon* and *Philomel.*

*Ph. Charon*, O gentle *Charon* let me woe thee
By tears and pity now to come unto me,
*Ch.* What voice so sweet and charming do I hear?
Speak what thou art.
*Ph.* I prethee first draw near.
*Ch.* A sound I hear, but nothing yet can see.
Speak what thou art.
*Ph.* O *Charon* pity me.
I am a Bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say, I'm *Philomel*.
*Ch.* What's that to me, I wast not fish nor fowls,
Nor beast nor bird, but only humane souls.
*Ph.* Alas for me!
*Ch.* Shame on thy witching note,
That made me thus hoist sail, and bring my boat,
But I'll return: what mischief brought thee hither?
*Ph.* A deal of love and much much grief together.
*Ch.* If this be all, I'm gone.
*Ph.* For love I pray thee.
*Ch.* Talk not of love, all pray, but few souls pay mee.
*Ph.* I'll give the sighs and tears.
*Ch.* Will tears pay scores
For patching sails, for mending boat and oars?
*Ph.* I'll beg a penny, and I'll sing so long,
Till thou shalt say i've paid thee with a Song.
*Ch.* Why then begin.
*Ph.* And all the while we make
Our sloathful passage o'r the Stygian Lake,

Thou and I'll ſing to make theſe dull ſhades merry,
Which elſe with tears would doubtles drown our fery.

*Song* 178.

WHy ſit you here ſo dull,
You lively Lads that love
The pleaſures of the plains,
And ſport-enchanting *Jove.*
My jolly Muſe brings other news,
And time invites to go,
Fill Nectars cup, the Hare is cup,
We come to ſing ſo ho.
My pipe is of the pure
Cane of a Winter Corn,
By force of *Cynthia*'s lure
Transform'd into a Horn.
*Aurora*'s look hath chang'd my Crook
Into a bended Bow,
And *Pan* ſhall keep my patient ſheep
While here we ſing ſo ho.
Let us like Swains
That only undergoes
The pleaſures of the plains
In place where *Boreas* blows,
And every night take our delight
With our ſhe-friend and ſo
Both night and day we'l ſport and play,
And merrily ſing ſo ho.

*Shirley* *Song* 179.

THe Glories of our Birth and ſtate
Are ſhadows, not ſubſtantial things;
There is no Armor 'gainſt our Fate;
Death lays his Icy hands on Kings.
Scepter and Crown
Muſt tumble down,

And

And in the dust be equal laid
With the poor crooked Sithe and Spade.
Some men with Swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill,
But their strong Nerves at length must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murm'ring breath,
When to the pale Captive creeps to death.
The Laurel withers on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
For on Deaths purple Altar now,
See where the Victor, Victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold Tomb,
Only the Actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

*The Indifferent.*

*Song* 180.

WHat an Ass is he that waits a Womans leisure
For a minues pleasure, and perhaps may be
Gul'd at last, and lose her? What an Ass is he?
Shall I sigh and die, 'cause a maid denies me,
And that she may try, suffer patiently,
O no fate shall tie me to such cruelty.
Love is all my life, for it keeps me doing,
Yet my love and wooing is not for a wife;
It is good eschewing warring, care, and strife.
What need I to care for a womans favour?
If another have her, why should I despair,
When for gold and labour I can have my share?
If I fancy one, and that one do love me,
Yet deny to prove me, farewell, I am gone:

She

She can never move me, farewel, I am gone.
If I chance to see one that 's brown, I love her
Till I see another that's more brown than she;
For I am a lover of my liberty.
Every day I change, and at once love many,
Yet not ty'd to any, for I love to range,
And if one should stay me, I should think it strange.
What if she be old, so that she have riches?
Youth and form bewitches, but it is store of gold
Cures lascivious itches, so the Criticks hold.

*Song* 181.

WHen *Aurelia* first I courted,
She had youth and beauty too,
Killing pleasures when she sported,
And her charmes were ever new.
Subtle time doth now deceive her,
Which her glory did uphold.
All her Arts can ne'r retrieve her:
Poor *Aurelia*'s growing old.
Those airy spirits which invited
Blink and do excite no more,
And those eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.
Want of these abates her merits,
Yet I have passion for her name,
Only warm and vig'rous spirits
Kindle and maintain a flame.

*Song* 182.

SIr *Eglamore* that valiant Knight, fa la la la la.
He put on his sword, and he went to fight, fa la
And as he rid o'r hill and dale
All armed in his Coat of mail,
fa la la la fa la la falla la.

There

There starts a huge Dragon out of his Den, fa la
Which had kil'd I know not how many men, fa la
But when he saw Sir *Eglamore*,
If you had but heard how the Dragon did roar
fa la &c.

This Dragon he had a plagy hard hide, fa la
Which could the strongest steel abide, fa la la
He could not enter him with cuts,
Which vexed the Knight to his heart, bloud, and guts,
fa la la, &c.

All the trees in the wood did shake, fa la
Horses did tremble and men did quake, fa la
The birds betook them to their peeping,
'Twould have made a mans heart to fall a weeping.
fa la la, &c.

But now it was no time to fear, fa la
For it was now fight dog, fight bear, fa la
But as the Dragon a yawning did fall,
He thrust his Sword down hilt and all, fa la, &c.

For as the Knight in choler did burn, fa la,
He ow'd the Dragon a shrewd good turn, fa la
In at his mouth his Sword he sent,
The Hilt appeared at his fundament, fa la &c.

Then the Dragon like a coward began to flee, fa la
Into his den which was hard by, fa la
There he laid him down and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword, fa la la, &c.

The Sword it was a right good blade,
As ever Turk or Spaniard made, fa la
But for my part I do forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it, fa la, &c.

When all was done, to the Alehouse he went, fa la
And presently his two-pence he spent, fa la

He

He was so hot with tugging with the Dragon,
That nothing would quench him, but a whole flagon,
fa la la.
Well now let us pray for the King and Queen, fa la
And eke in *London* there may be seen fa la
As many Knights and as many more,
And all as good as Sir *Eglamore*.
fa la la la fa la la la falla la.

## *Song* 183.

IF't be not Love I ought to fear,
Some Fury doth my heart-strings tear
If it be Love, I do confess
I'm pleas'd, though hopeless of success,
Ah cruel powers, how am I curst!
Since either proves to be the worst,
Oh how much better 'twere to have no sense,
Than with this rig'rous passion to dispense!
Thou Tyrant Love, how long shall I
Languish and ask! when shall I die?
Thou seest how *Chloris* does disdain
Thy power, and a Lovers name.
More cruel than relentless rocks,
Scorns me, and my passion mocks.
At my tears she's concern'd no more
Than waves that wash the thankless shore.
Make her at least my flame bemone.
For a thousand sighs to echo one.
My love to her stern Honour's ty'd,
She calls that Honour which is Pride.
Yet Love shall with her Hate contend,
For with my Love my Life shall end.

Song

Song 184.

I Know more than *Apollo*,
For whilst that he was sleeping,
I saw the Stars
At mortal jars,
And watry *Neptune* weeping.

I saw fierce *Mars* contending
With his bright fiery face,
*Saturn* likewise
Threatning the Skies,
Carcering with a grace

*Venus* with all her train
Of heavenly Nymphs was dancing,
Rev'ling all night,
They vanish'd quite,
And *Pegasus* left prancing.
*Sol* hid himself, and *Phœbe*
Pluckt in her horns for fear,
And *Jove* did flie
Through the Galaxy,
But his messenger did swear.

Astronomers from hence
Might *Britains* state pourtray:
Our Sun's a sleep,
Let *England* weep,
Impiety bears sway.

Meteors not Stars eclipse
Our Hemisphere, I think.
If they be crown'd,
The World turns round,
We're are all undone, let's drink.

Song

*Song* 185.

AS I lay all alone on my bed slumbring,
Thinking my restless mind to repose,
All my thoughts they began then to be numbering
Up her disdainings, that caused my woes,
Which so increast my dolour and pain,
I fear I never shall see her again,
*Which makes me sigh and sobbing cry,*
*O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.*

When this fair cruel she first I saw praying
Within the Temple unto her Saint,
Then mine eyes every look my heart betraying,
Which is the cause of my doleful complaint,
That all my Joyes are quite fled and gone,
And I in sorrow now am left alone,
*Which makes me sigh, &c.*

Now farewel every thing that sounds like pleasure,
And welcome Death the cure of my smart;
I deem'd first sight of her I grasp't a treasure,
But wo is me, it now has broken my heart,
For now my passing bell calls away,
And I with her no longer must stay.
*Which makes me sigh, &c.*

*Song* 186.

*Shep.* TEll me, Dearest, what is love?
*Nymph.* 'Tis a lightning from above.
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a toy they call desire;
'Tis a smile that doth beguile
The poor hearts of men that prove.
*Shep.* Tell me more, Are women true?
*Nymph.* Some love change, and so do you.
*Shep.* Are they fair, and ever kind?
*Nymph.* Yes, when men turn with every winde.

*Shep.*

*Shep.* Are they froward?
*Nymph.* Ever toward
Those that love, to love anew.

*Song* 187.

COme Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given,
Dainty pleasures, that would even
Raise in coldest Age a fire,
And give Virgin Blood desire:
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

*Song* 188.

D*Amon*, thou never lov'd'st me yet;
Faith and Troth are but a fit,
But to try if that I
Would deny or comply
With thy false dissembling wit;
Hoping my heart, by thy cunning wit and art.
To betray, as a prey for thine own;
Not to prove, or to love,
But deceive and bereave
Of the hope that it feeds upon,
Then wonder not at me,
If I find in thy mind such deceit:
'Twere more strange not to change,
But to yield in the field,

Where

*Orlando Furioso* he was a valiant Knight;
*Romulus* and *Rhemus* were those that *Rome* did build;
Where Love doth so faintly beat,
Blush not then, thou hast found out the cause
Of thy shame, then blame not my desert:
'Tis suspicious to be vicious,
Or give fire to desire,
When Love inflames but so in part.

*B. Jonson* *Song* 189.

STill to be neat, still to be dress,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
Lady it is to be-presumed,
Though arts hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes sweetly flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of Art,
They wound mine Eyes, but not mine heart.

*Song* 190.

HOld back thy hours, dark night, till we have done;
The day will come too soon,
Young maides will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their blushes open to the day.
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the Bride.
Stay, gentle night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of my Lover.
Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vow, and often dyings;
Stay and hide all;
But help not, though she call.

*Song*

*Song* 191.

*Streph.* COme my *Daphne*, come away,
We do waste the Chrystal day:
It is *Strephon* calls. *Daph.* What would my love?
*Streph.* Come follow to the Myrtle Grove,
Where I with *Venus* will prepare
New Chaplets to adorne thy hair.
*Daph. Strephon*, were I shut in this Tree,
I'd rend the Bark to follow thee.
*Streph.* My Shepherdess make haste,
The minutes fly too fast;
Let's to those cooler shades, where I,
Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,
Betwixt thy breasts will ever stray.
In such warm snows,
Who would not lose his way?
*Chor.* We'll laugh and leave the world behind
Those god's themselves that see,
Shall envie thee and me:
And never tast such joye
When they embrace a deitie

*Song* 192.

WHy should we now boast of *Arthur* and his Knights,
Knowing how many men have endur'd hot fights?
Or why should we speak of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
Or Sir *Tristram du Leon*, that sought for Ladies sake,
Read old Stories, and there you shall see
How St. *George* St. *George* did make the Dragon flee,
*St.* George *he was for* England,
*St.* Dennis *was for* France;
*Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

To speak of the *Monarchs*, it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the *Romans*, how far they did excel:
*Hannibal* and *Scipio* they many a field did fight,

*Orlando*

But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd
St. George he was for England &c.
*Jephtha* and *Gideon*, they led their men to fight,
The *Gibeonites* and *Amorites*, and put them all to flight,
*Hercules* his labour was in the Vale of *Bass*,
And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of an Ass.
And when that he was blind pull'd the Temple to the ground,
But St, *George*, St. *George* the Dragon did confound,
St. *George*, &c.
*Valentine* and *Orson* they came of *Pepins* blood,
*Alfred* and *Aldrecus* they were brave Knights and good,
The four Sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemain*,
Sir *Hugh de Burdeaux*, and *Godfrey* of *Bullaign*, (vert,
These were all French Knights that Pagans did con-
But St. *George*, St. *George* pull'd out the Dragons heart,
St. George, &c.
*Henry* the fifth he conquered all *France*;
He quartered their Arms, his honour to advance,
He raza'd their walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
And he garnished his Land with a double tripple Crown;
He thumped the French, and after home he came;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he made the Dragon tame.
St. *George*, &c.
St, *David* you know loves Leeks and tosted Cheese,
And *Jason* was the man brought home the golden Fleece,
St. *Patrick* also he was St. *George*'s Boy,
Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him away;
For which knavish Act, a Slave he doth remain;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath slain.
St. *George*, &c.
*Tamberlain* the Emperour in Iron Cage did crown,
With

With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town:
*Scanderbeg* magnanimous *Mahomet*'s Bashaw did dread,
Whose victorious Bones were worn when he was dead,
His *Beglerbegs*, his corn-like dregs, *George Castriot* he was call'd;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath maul'd.
*St.* George, *&c.*

*Ottoman* the *Tartar* he came of *Persia*'s Race,
The great *Mogul* with Chests so full of Nutmegs, Cloves and Mace;
The Grecian Youth *Bucephalus* he manly did bestride,
But these with their Worthies Nine, St. *George* did them deride.
*Gustavus Adolphus* was *Swedland*'s warlike King,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd forth the Dragons sting.
*St.* George, *&c.*

*Pendragon* and *Cadwallader* of British blood do boast,
Though *John* of *Gaunt* his foes did daunt, St. *George* shall rule the Roast.
*Agamemmon* and *Cleomedon*, and *Macedon* did feats,
But compared to our Champion, they are but meerly Cheats:
Brave *Malta* Knights in Turkish fights, their brandisht Swords out drew;
But St. *George* met the Dragon, and ran him through and through.
*St.* George, *&c.*

*Bidia* the *Amazon Perseus* overthrew,
As fierce as any *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen*, or *Jew*:
The potent *Holofarnes* as he lay on his Bed,
In came wife *Judith*, and subtly stole his Head.
Brave *Cyclops* stout, with *Jove* he fought, although he showr'd down Thunder;
But St. *George* kill'd the Dragon, & is not that a wonder?
*St.* George, *&c.*

*Mark*

*Mark Anthony*, I'll warrant ye, plaid feats with *Egypt*'s Queen;
Sir *Eglamore* that valiant Knight, the like was never seen:
Grim *Gorgon*'s might was known in fight, Old *Bevis* most men frighted;
The *Myrmidons* and *Prester Johns*, why were not these men knighted?
Brave *Spinola* he took *Breda*, *Naſſaw* did it recover;
But St. *George* met the Dragon, and turn'd him o'er and over.
St. George *he was for* England,
*St.* Dennis *was for* France:
*Sing Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

*Song* 193.

COurtier if thou needs will wive,
From this Leſſon learn to thrive:
If to match it be thy fate,
Let her ſurpaſs in birth and ſtate;
Let her curious Garments be
Twice about thine own degree,
This will draw great Eyes upon her,
Gain her Servants, and thee Honour.

*Song* 194.

POor Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy Husband, learn of me,
To ſet thy Wife firſt in thy Shop,
A fair, Kind, ſweet Wife, lets a poor man up;
What though thy Shelves be ne'er ſo bare?
A Woman ſtill is currant Ware.
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;
But whilſt thou are at th' other end,
What'er thou ſeeſt, or what doſt hear,
Fool have no Eye to, nor no Ear;

And

And after supper, for her sake,
When thou hast fed, snore, though thou wake;
What though the Gallants call thee Mome,
Yet with thy Lanthorn light her home;
I am confident, but will not tell,
Where such a Citizen doth dwell.

*Song* 195.

THere was an invisible Fox by chance,
Did meet with two invisible Geese;
He led them a fine invisible Dance,
For a hundred Crowns a piece.
Invisible all but his head he would go,
But when it came to be try'd,
Not only his hand which was left he did show,
But a fair pair of heels beside:
Invisible since their wits have been,
But yet there is hope of neither,
Their Wits and their Crowns may return again,
Invisible all together.

*Song* 196.

IF Love his Arrows shoot so fast,
Soon his feathered Stock will waste,
But I mistake in thinking so,
Loves Arrows in his Quiver grow:
That he wants no Artillerie,
That appears too true in me.
Two shafts feed upon my breast,
O make't a Quiver for the rest:
Kill me with love thou armed Son
Of *Lithina* or let one,
One sharp golden Arrow flie
To wound her heart for whom I die:
*Cupid*, if thou be'st a Child,
Be a good Boy, be more mild.

*Song* 198.

ROom for the melancholy Wight,
Some call him Willow-knight,
Who these paths had undertaken,
To find what Lovers are forsaken;
Whose heads, because but little-witted,
Shall with Garlands straight be fitted:
Speak who are tost on *Cupid*'s billows,
And receive the Crown of Willows.
This way, that way, round about,
Keep your heads from breaking out.

*Song* 199.

WElcome, welcome again to thy wits,
This is a holy day,
I'll have no plots, nor melancholy fits,
But merrily pass the time away.
They are mad that are sad,
Be ruled by me,
And none shall be so merry as we.
The Kitchin shall catch cold no more,
And we'll have no Key to the Buttery door,
The fidlers shall sing.
And the house shall sing,
And the world shall see
What a merry Couple
Merry Couple
We will be.

*Song* 200.

LOve is a Bog, a deep Bog, and a wide Bog;
Love is a Clog, a great Clog, and a close Clog,
'Tis a Wilderness to lose our selves,
And a Halter 'tis to noose our selves:
Then draw Dun out of the mire,
And throw the Clog i'th' fire.

Keep

Keep in the Kings high-way
Sober, and you cannot ſtray.
If you admire no female Elf,
The Halter may go hang it ſelf.
Drink wine and be merry, for Love is folly,
And dwells in the houſe of melancholy.

*Song* 201.

FOnd Fables tell of old,
How *Jove* in *Danae*'s Lap,
Fell in a ſhower of Gold:
By which ſhe caught a Clap;
O had it been my hap!
Howe'er the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could wiſh all day
And night to be ſo beaten.

*Song* 202.

CHant Birds in every Buſh,
The Black-bird and the Thruſh,
The chirping Nightingale,
The Linnet and the Wagtail,
The Mavis and the Lark,
O how they do begin, hark, hark!

*Song* 203.

COme follow, follow me,
You fairy Elves that be;
Come compaſs in this Green,
And follow me your Queen.
Hand in hand let's dance a round,
For this place is Fairy ground.
When Mortals are at reſt,
And ſnorting in their neſt,
Unheard, or uneſpy'd,

Through Key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, ſtools, and ſhelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves,
Then if the Houſe be foul,
With platter, diſh, or bowl,
Up ſtairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts a ſleep,
Then we pinch their arms and thighs,
None us hears, none us eſpies:
But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the houſhold maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid:
For every night before we go,
We drop a Teſter in her ſhoo.
Upon a Muſhroom head
Our table-cloath is ſpread,
A Corn of Rye or Wheat
Is the dyet that we eat:
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In Acorn cups up to the brink.
The brains of Nightingals,
With unction fat of Snails,
Between two Muſcels ſtew'd,
Is meat that's eaſily chew'd:
Brains of Worms, and marrow of Mice,
Do make our feaſts of wondrous price.
The Graſhopper, Gnat, and Fly,
Serve for our Miſtriſs high;
Grace ſaid, we dance a while,
And ſo we do the time beguile:
And when the Moon doth hide her head,
The Glow-worms light us to our bed.
O'er tops of dewy Graſs
So nimbly we do paſs,
The young and tender ſtalk

Ne'er

Ne'er bends where we do walk:
But in the morning may be seen
The night before where we have been.

*Song* 203.

DRink, drink, all you that think
To cure your Souls of sadness,
Take up your Sack, 'tis all you lack,
All worldly care is madness.
Let Lawyers plead, and Scholars read,
And Sectaries still conjecture;
Yet we can be as merry as they,
With a Cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

Let Gluttons feed, and Souldiers bleed,
And fight for Reputation;
Physicians be fools, to fill up Close-stools,
And cure men by Purgation;
Yet we have a way far better than they,
Which *Galen* could never conjecture,
To cure the head, nay quicken the dead,
With a Cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

We do forget we are in debt,
When we with Liquor are warmed;
We dare out face the Sergeants Mace,
And Martial Troops though armed.
The Swedish King much honour did win,
And valiant was as *Hector*;
Yet we can be as valiant as he,
With a Cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

Let the Worlds Slave his Comfort have,
And hug his hoards of Treasure,
Till he and his wish meet both in a Dish,
So dies a Miser in pleasure.

'Tis not a fat farm our wishes can charm,
We scorn this greedy conjecture;
'Tis a health to our friend, to whom we commend
This Cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

The Pipe and the Pot, are our common shot,
Wherewith we keep a quarter;
Enough for to choak with fire and smoak
The great Turk and the Tartar,
Our faces red, our ensigns spread,
*Apollo* is our Protector;
To rear up the scout, to run in and out,
And to drink up this Cup of Nectar.

*Song* 204.

WE lived one and twenty year,
As man and wife together,
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gon I know not whither.
Could I but guess, I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter,
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her:
Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome Grave did hide her;
And sure her Soul is not in Hell,
The Devils would not abide her.
I rather think she's soar'd aloft,
For in the last great thunder,
Methought I heard her very voice
Rending the Clouds a sunder.

*Song* 205.

HE that will woo a Widow must not dally,
He must make Hay while the Sun doth shine;
He must not sue with a shall I? shall I?
But boldly say, Widow thou art mine:

'Tis

'Tis vain to woo a Widow over-long,
In once or twice her mind you may perceive;
Widows are subtle, be they old or young,
They know so much they quickly can deceive,
Strike home at first, she quickly will be kind,
Or else she'll be as fickle as the wind.

*Song.* 206.

SHew me no more the Marygold,
Whose leaves like grieved Arms do fold,
My longings nothing can explain,
But Soul and Body rent in twain,
Did I not moan
And sigh and groan,
And talk alone,
I should believe my Soul were gone from home:
She's gone, she's gone, away she's fled,
Within thy breast to make her bed;
In me there dwells her Tenant woe,
And sighs are all the breath I blow:
Then come to me,
One touch of thee
Will make me see
Whether living thus, alive or dead I be.

*Song* 207.

SLaves are they that heap up mountains,
Still desiring more and more;
We'll carouse in *Bacchus* Fountains,
Never dreaming to be poor.
Give us then a Cup of Liquor,
Fill it up unto the brim;
For then methinks our wits grow quicker,
When our brains in Liquor swim.

*Song* 208.

I Am confirm'd, a woman can
Love this, or that, or any man;
To day her Love is melting hot,
To morrow ſwears ſhe knows not what:
Let her but a new Object find,
And ſhe is of ano her mind.
Then hang, me Ladies, at your dore,
If e'er I dote upon you more,

And yet I love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to pleaſe mine eye;
For her that's muſical I long,
When I am ſad, to ſing a ſong;
And for the fair and ſmooth-skin'd Dame,
I flatter to appeaſe my flame,
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If e'er I dote upon you more.

I give my Fancy leave to range,
In every face to find a change;
The Black, the Brown, the Fair, ſhall be
But objects of variety:
I court you all to ſerve my turn,
But with ſuch flames as ſhall not burn.
Then hang me, Ladies, at your dore,
If e'er I dote upon you more.

*Song* 209.

FIre, fire, lo here I burn in ſuch deſire,
that all the tears that I can ſtrain
Out of an empty love-ſick brain,
Cannot allay my ſcorching pain.

Come *Humber*, *Trent*, and ſilver *Thames*,
Dread Ocean, haſte with all thy ſtreams,

And

And if thou canſt not quench my fire,
O drown both me and my deſire.

Fire, fire, there is no help for my deſire,
See all the Rivers backward fly,
And th' Ocean doth his aid deny,
For fear my heart ſhould drink them dry.
Come heavenly ſhowers, come pouring down,
Come you that once the world did drown;
Some then you ſpar'd, but now ſave all,
Which elſe muſt die, and with me fall.

*Song* 210.

I Love a woman, be ſhe tall,
Be ſhe low, or thick, or ſmall;
Be ſhe fair, or be ſhe brown,
So ſhe hath nothing of the Clown;
'Tis Behaviour that doth give
Beauty, whereas none doth live,
Which though it cannot ſpeak her mind,
It doth teach how to be kind:
If her Tongue do over-run,
Kiſs her, and ſhe will have done;
If her carriage ſtately be,
That doth more enamour me.
If her looks be meek and humble,
She will yield, although ſhe grumble;
If ſhe be ſtudious, and love Books,
Learning hath a thouſand hooks:
If intelligent and witty,
She's the apter to take pity;
If ſhe ſing unto the Lute,
Who can in her praiſe be mute?
If good qualities ſhe want,
Think her yet not ignorant:
If her hair be black or white

Colour

Colour hinders not delight.
As I began, I'll end my *Song*,
I love a Woman short or long.

*Song* 211.

NOt wise enough to rule a State,
Not fool enough to be laught at:
Not childish young, nor Bedlam old;
Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold:
Not richly proud, nor basely poor,
Not chaste, yet no reputed Whore;
If such a one I chance to find,
I have a Mistress to my mind.

*Song* 212.

I Prethee leave me, love me no more;
Call home that heart you gave me;
I but in vain that Saint adore,
That can, but will not save me,
These poor half kisses kill me quite,
Was ever man thus served,
Amidst an Ocean of delight
And pleasure to be starved?
O *Tantalus*, thy pains ne'er tell;
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in Hell,
But thus in Heaven tormented.

*Song* 213.

TUrn *Amarillis* to thy Swain,
Thy *Damon* calls thee back again,
Here is a pretty Arbor by,
Where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,
Where *Apollo* cannot spy,
There let's sit, and whilst I play,
Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

*Song* 214.

WHy should we not laugh and be Jolly?
Since all the world is mad,
And lull'd in a dull melancholy;
He that wallows in store,

Is

Is ſtill gaping for more,
And that makes him as poor
As the wretch that ne'er any thing had.
How mad is that damn'd Money-monger,
That to purchaſe to him and his Heirs,
Grows ſhriveld with thirſt and hunger,
While we that are bonny,
Buy Sack with ready money,
And ne'er trouble the Scriv'ners nor Lawyers.
Thoſe Guls that by ſcraping and toyling,
Do ſwell their Revenues ſo faſt;
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,
But are marks for each Tax,
While they load their own backs
With the heavier packs,
And lie down gall'd and weary at laſt.
While we that do traffick in Tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whoſe Jaws are ſo hungry and gripple;
We ne'er trouble our heads
With Indentures or Deeds,
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.
Our money ſhall never indite us,
Nor drag our free minds to thrall,
Nor Pyrates nor Wracks can affright us;
We that have no Eſtates,
Fear no Plunder nor Rates,
We can ſleep with open Gates;
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.
We laugh at thoſe fools whoſe endeavours
Do but fit them for Priſons and Fines,
When we that ſpend all are the Savers;
For if Thieves do break in,
They go out empty again,
And the Plunderers loſe their deſigns.
Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may,

To

To wash from our hearts all sorrow;
Those Cormorants which
Are troubled with an Itch
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.
The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,
What a pox is he better than we?
He must vail to the man with his Buff on;
Though he Custard may eat,
And such lubbarly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

*Song* 215.

A *Myntas* that true-hearted Swain,
Upon a River bank was laid;
Where to the pitying streams he did complain
On *Sylvia*, that false charming maid,
But she was still regardless of his pain:
O faithless *Sylvia*, would he cry;
And what he said, the *Eccho*'s did reply;
Be kind, or else I die. *Eccho*, I die,
Be kind, or else I die. *Ecch.* I die.

A shower of tears his eyes let fall,
Which in the River made impress;
Then sigh'd and *Sylvia* false again would call,
Ah cruel faithless Shepherdess!
Is Love with you become a Criminal?
Ah! lay aside this needless scorn;
Allow your poor Adorer some return:
Consider how I burn. *Ecch.* I burn.
Consider how I burn. *Ecch.* I burn.

Those smiles and kisses which you give,
Remember, *Sylvia*, are my due;
And all the Joys my Rival does receive,

He

He raviſhes from me, not you:
Ah *Sylvia*! Can I live, and this believe?
Inſenſibles are touch'd to ſee
My languiſhments, and ſeem to pity me,
Which I demand of thee. *Ecch.* Of thee
Which I demand of thee. *Ecch.* Of thee.

*Song* 216.

COme, give me the Wench that is mellow;
And a fig for all Fools that are yellow;
'Tis the Horn, the Horn,
The advancing of the Horn,
Dubb's a Cuckold an Alderman's fellow.

Let no man diſorder his reſt,
By believing Bulls feather in his Creſt;
When you have ſaid what you can,
A Cuckold is a man,
Or moſt of our Fathers were Beaſts.

Then let us ſing at it, and at it,
And let every one catch that can catch it.
All opinions agree
In one of theſe three,
The Horn, the Pot, or the Placket.

*Song* 217.

A Maiden of late,
Whoſe name was ſweet *Kate*,
Was dwelling in *London*, near to *Alderſgate*;
Now liſt to my ditty, declare it I can,
She would have a Child without help of a man.

To a Doctor ſhe came,
A man of great fame.
Whoſe deep skill in Phyſick report did prolaim,
Quoth ſhe, *Maſter Doctor, ſhew me if you can,*
*How I may conceive without help of a man.*

Then

Then liſten, quoth he,
Since ſo it muſt be,
This wondrous ſtrong Med'cine I'll ſhew preſently:
Take nine pound of Thunder, ſix Legs of a Swan,
*And you ſhall conceive without help of a man.*

The wool of a Frog,
The Juyce of a Log,
Well parboild together in the skin of a Hog,
With the Egg of a Moon-Calf, if get it you can,
*And you ſhall conceive without help of a man.*

The Love of falſe Harlots,
The faith of falſe Varlets,
With the truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
And the feathers of a Lobſter well fry'd in a pan,
*And you ſhall conceive without help of a man.*

Nine drops of Rain
Brought hither form *Spain*,
With the Blaſt of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With eight quarts of Brimſtone brew'd in a Beer-can,
*And you ſhall conceive without help of a man.*

Six Pottles of Lard,
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turkey-Eggs each as long as a yard,
With a pudding of Hail-ſtones well bak'd in a pan,
*And you ſhall conceive without help of a man.*

Theſe Med'cines are good,
And approved have ſtood,
Well temper'd together with a pottle of Blood,
Squeez'd from a Graſhopper, and the nail of a Swan,
*To make Maids conceive without help of a man.*

*Song* 218.

CAst away care, all you that love sorrow,
It lengthens not a day, nor can gain us to morrow;
Money is but trash, and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.
Then merrily, merrily, merrily, hey ho;
Stand to it stifly boys, for we'll not part so.

Wine it is a charm, and nourisheth the blood too,
It makes a Coward arm'd, if that it be good too.
It quickens the Wit, and makes the Back able,
It scorns for to stoop to the watch or Constable:
Then merrily, *&c.*

The Bottels fly about, Boys, then draw us more (Liquor,
We are Brothers of a rout, Sirs, it makes our wits (quicker;
Draw out the Cask then, score on we care not,
Fill Pots and Bottles, Boys, drink all and spare not.
Then, *&c.*

*Song* 219.

WHat Creatures on earth
Can boast freer mirth,
Less envy'd and lov'd then we?
Though Learning grow poor,
We scorn to implore
A Gift but what's noble and free.
Our freedom of mind
Cannot be confin'd,
With Riches we're inwardly blest;
Nor Death, nor the Grave,
Our worths can deprave,
Nor Malice our Ashes molest:
When such Moles as you,
Your own earth shall mue,

And

And worms shall your Memory eat;
Our names being read,
Shall strike Envy dead,
And Ages our worth shall repeat.

*Song* 220.

WHen *Orpheus* sweetly did complain,
Upon his Lute, with heavy strain,
How his *Euridice* was slain,
The Trees to hear
Obtain'd an Ear,
And after left it off again.

At every stroke, and every stay,
The Boughs kept time, and noddinglay
And listned, bending all one way;
The Aspen-Tree,
As fast as he,
Began to shake, and learn to play.

If wood could speak, a Tree might hear;
If wood could sound true Grief so near,
A Tree might drop an Amber Tear:
If wood so well
Could ring a Knell,
The Cypress might condole the Bier.

The standing Nobles of the Grove,
Hearing dead wood to speak and move,
The fatal Ax began to love:
They envy'd Death,
Which gave such breath,
As Men alive do Saints above.

*Song* 221.

O My *Chloris*, can thoſe eyes
From whence ſuch Glories ſhine,
Give light to every Soul that pries;
And only be obſcur'd to mine,
Who willingly my heart reſign,
Inflam'd by you to be your Sacrifice?

Send out one Beam t' enrich my Soul,
And chaſe this gloomy ſhade,
That does in Clouds about me roll,
And in my breſt a Hell hath made:
Where fire ſtill burns, ſtill flames invade:
And Lights power and comfort both controul.

Then out of Gratitude I'll ſend
Some of my flames to thee;
Thus lovingly our Gifts we'll blend;
And both in Joys ſhall wealthy be:
And Love, though blind, ſhall learn to ſee;
Since you an eye to him and me can lend.

*Song* 222. *Shakſpeare*

WHen Iſickles hang on the wall,
And *Dick* the Shepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears Log into the Hall,
And Milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owl,
To-whit-to-whoo, a merry note,
While greaſie *Joan* doth keel the Pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the Parſons ſaw,
And Birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And *Marrians* Noſe looks red and raw;

When

When roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
To whit-to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasie *Joan* doth keel the Pot.

*Song* 223.

WHat a dainty life the Milk-maid leads,
When over the flowry Meads
She dabbles in the Dew,
And sings to her Cow, and feels not the pain
Of love or disdain.
She sleeps in the night, though she toils in the day,
And merrily passes her time away,
And merrily passes the time away.

*Song* 224.

HAve you any work for the Sow-gelder ho?
My Horn goes too high, too low:
Have you any Pigs, Calves, or Colts,
Have you any Lambs in your holts,
To cut for the Stone?
Here comes a cunning one:
Have you any Brauches to spade,
Or e'er a fair Maid,
That would be a Nun?
Come kiss me, 'tis done.
Hark how my merry horn doth blow,
Too high too low, too high too low.

*Song* 225.

OUr Ruler hath got the Vertigo of State,
The world turns round in his Politick Pate;
He steers in a Sea where his course cannot last,
He bears too much sail for the strength of his mast.
Let him plot all he can,
Like a politick man;

Yet

Yet Love, though a Child, may fit him,
The ſmall Archer, though blind,
Such an Arrow will find,
As with an old trick ſhall hit him.

Sure *Angelo* knows Loves Party is ſtrong,
Love melts like ſoft Wax the hearts of the young,
And none are ſo old but they think of the taſte,
And weep with remembrance of kindneſſes paſt.
Let him plot all, *&c.*

Love in the fooliſh is held a mad fit,
And madneſs in fools is reckon'd for wit.
The wiſe value Love, as Fools wiſdome prize,
Which when they cannot gain, they ſeem to deſpiſe.
Let him plot all, *&c.*

Cold Cowards all peril of anger ſhun,
The Dangers of Love, they leap when they run;
The Valiant in frolicks did follow the Boy,
When he led them a dance from *Greece* unto *Troy*.
Let him plot all, *&c.*

*Song* 226.

GAllants, Gallants, think it no ſcorn
That ſilly poor Swains in love ſhould be;
There is as much love in Rent and Torn,
As there is in Silks and Bravery.
The Begar he loves his Laſs as dear,
As he that hath thouſands, thouſands, thouſands,
As he that hath thouſands of pounds by the year.

*Song* 227.

WHy ſhould I my Liberty loſe,
And be a ſlave to a womans fond paſſion?
I am reſolved for to refuſe
To follow that dangerous faſhion.

I will ſtill
Command my will,
My kindneſs ſhall never undo me;
I only lament
That I cannot content
Thoſe Ladies ſo kind as do woo me.

Thoſe men that have neither Livings nor Lands,
Nor any thing elſe to maintain them,
They then may obey thoſe Ladies Commands,
By whom they large fortunes may gain them.
Hot Love
Will ſuddenly prove
So ſickly, 'twill fade like a Flower,
Which over-much heat
Will cauſe to retreat,
If it be not refreſht with a ſhower.

Blame me not then, if for your own ſakes
I deny your injurous deſires,
For if there be not enough to make ſtakes,
The pleaſure of Gaming expires.
Then be ſo juſt
As not to miſtruſt
Me guilty of ſcorn or preſumption;
I deſire but to have
Proviſion to ſave
Our Loves from a fatal conſumption.

*Song* 228.

HAve you obſerv'd the Wench in the ſtreet,
Sh'as ſcarce any Hoſe or Shooes to her feet,
Yet ſhe is very merry, and when ſhe cries, ſhe ſings,
*I ha' hot Codlins, hot Codlins.*

Or have you ever ſeen or heard
The Mortal with a Lyon tawny Beard?

He

He lives as merrily as any heart can wish,
And still he cries, *Buy a Brish, Buy a Brish.*
Since these are so merry, why should we take care?
Musicians, like Cameleons, must live by the Air.
Then let's be blithe and bonny,
And no good meeting balk;
For when we have no money
We shall find chalk.

*Song* 229.

AFter the pangs of a desperate Lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain
Ah what a Joy it is to discover
In her eyes pity that causeth my pain!
*Cho.* Ah what a Joy! *&c.*

When her denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny;
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah what a trembling does usher my Joy!
*Cho.* Ah what a trembling, *&c.*

When with unkindness our love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain;
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,
Ah what a pleasure to press it again!
*Cho.* Ah what a pleasure *&c.*

When with a sigh she affords me her blessing,
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain;
Ah what a joy beyond all expressing;
Ah what a joy to hear it again!
*Cho.* Ah what a joy, *&c.*

*Catch.*

TOm went to market, and Tom met with Tom:
Says Tom to Tom, How do'st do Tom?
I Tom, you Tom; well I thank thee Tom;
How dost thou Tom?

Song

*Song* 230.

HAng Sorrow, and caſt away Care,
Come let us drink up our Sack;
They ſay it is good to quicken the blood,
And alſo to ſtrengthen the back.

'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aſpire,
And fills the Body with heat;
Beſides it is good, if well underſtood,
To fit a man for the feat.

Then call, and drink up all
The Drawer is ready to fill;
A fig for care, what need we ſpare?
My father hath made his Will.

*Song* 231.

MAke ready, fair Lady, to night;
Come down to the door below;
For I will be there
To receive you with care,
And with your true Love you ſhall go.

REPLY.

ANd when the Stars twinkle ſo bright,
Then down to the door will I creep;
To my Love I will fly,
E'er the Jealous can ſpy,
And leave my old Dadde aſleep.

*Song* 232.

'TIs *Amarillis* walking all alone,
In her Garding making moan,
In her Garden making moan,
For her *Coridon*,
That left her in the Grove, dying for Love,
Like a diſtreſſed Dove, (groans,
And then ſhe with ſighs, and ſobs, and grievous
Said, Farewell moſt ſweet but unkind *Coridon*.

*Song*

*Song* 233.

A CATCH.

HEre's a Health to our Soverain,
And all that love him;
Let every man take it,
And no man forſake it:
Along let it paſs,
Take every man his Glaſs:
Come take off your Liquor,
'Twill make you ſing quicker,
Good Fates Still attend him,
And ever defend him:
Fair Victory crown
His Name with Renown.

*Song* 234.

SEE! ſee! my *Chloris* comes in yonder Bark:
Blow gently, Winds; for if you ſink that Ark.
You'll drown the world with tears, and at one breath
Give to us all an univerſal Death.

Hark! hark! how *Arion* on a Dolphin plays
To my ſweet Shepherdeſs his Roundelays,
See how the Syrens flock to wait upon her,
As Queen of Love, and they her Maids of Honour!

Behold! Great *Neptune*'s riſen from the Deep
With all his *Tritons*, and begins to ſweep
The rugged Waves into a ſmoother form,
Not leaving one ſmall wrinkle of a ſtorm.

Mark how the Winds ſtand ſtill, and on her gaze!
See how her Beauty doth the Fiſh amaze!

The

The Whales have begg'd this boon of Wind and Wea-
That on their backs they may convey her hither. (ther

And see, she lands! Just like the Rising Sun,
That leaves the Briny Lake when Night is done.
Fly, fly, *Amyntas* to thy envy'd Bliss;
Let not th' Earth rob thee of her Greeting-kiss.

*Song* 235.

OF late in the *Park* a fine Fancy was seen,
Between an old *Bawd* and a lusty young *Quean*,
Their parting of money began this uproar;
I'll have half, says the *Bawd*, but you shan't says the *Whore*.
Why 'tis my own house:
I care not a Louse;
I'll have three parts of four, or you get not a Souse;
'Tis I, says the *Whore*, that must take all the pains,
And you shall be damn'd ere you get half the gains.

The *Bawd* being vexed, strait to her did say:
Come off with your *Dud*'s, and I pray pack away;
And likewise your *Ribbons*, your *Gloves*, and your *Hair*,
For naked you came, and so out you go bare:
Then th' *Buttocks* so bold
Began for to scold,
*Hurry-Dan* was not able her Clack for to hold:
Both Pell-mell fell to it, and made this uproar,
With these Complements, Thou'rt a *Bawd*, Thou'rt a *Whore*.

The *Bawds* and the *Buttocks* that lived there round,
Came all to this Case, both Pocky and Sound,
To see what the reason was of this same fray,
That so did disturb them before it was day;
If I tell you amiss,
Let me never piss,

This

This *Buttock* so bold, her name was call'd *Siss*;
By *Quiffing* with *Cullies* three pound she had got,
And but one part of four that must fall to her lot.

Then all the *Bawds* cry'd, Let us turn her out bare,
Unless she will yield to return you half share;
If she will not, we'll help to strip off her Cloaths,
And turn her abroad with a slit on her Nose;
Who when she did see
There was no Remedy
For her from the tyrannous *Bawds* to get free,
The *Whore* from the money was forced to yield,
And in the conclusion the *Bawds* got the field.

*Song* 236.

FRom the Temple to the Board,
From the Board unto the Bed,
We conduct your Maidenhead,
Wishing *Hymen* to afford
All the Pleasures that he can,
'Twixt a Woman and a Man.
So merrily, merrily we pass along,
With our joyful, with our joyful Bridal Song.

*Song* 237.

CUpid is *Venus* only Joy,
But he is a wanton Boy;
He shoots at Ladies naked Brests,
He is the cause of most mens Crests,
I mean upon the Forehead,
Invisible, but horrid;
'Twas he first thought upon the way
To keep a Ladies Lips in play,

*Song*

*Song* 138.

COme my *Honey*, my Douſe, my Dell, my Dear,
We have neither *Houſe* nor Land, yet never want good cheer.
We take no care for Lands nor Rents,
We lye, we ſwear,
We ſport in Tents;
We rouze betimes, and quickly ſteal our Dinners;
We're ne'er taken
Without *Hens* and Bacon,
And that's good meat for Sinners.
At Wakes and at Fairs we cozen
Poor Countrey Folks by the dozen.
Some one diſburſes,
Whilſt the other they pick their purſes;
When thus out of uſe,
We cover our cloaths,
Our Boots and our jingling Rowels,
With ſhirts or with ſmocks, with ſheets or with towels.
We dance and we friſk,
And merrily whisk
Our morrice unto the Tabor;
The fools that would ſee
My *Marrian* and me,
We tickle their Fobs for their labour.
Then live with us, with us, all you that love your eaſes;
*He* that's a Gypſie,
May be drunk or tipſie
At any hour he pleaſes.
We laugh, we quaff, we ruffle;
Then live with us *&c.*

*Song* 239.

THe *Spaniard* loves his ancient ſtep,
A *Lombard* the *Venetian*,
And ſome like breechleſs women go,
The *Ruſh*, *Turk*, *Jew*, and *Grecian*.

The thrifty *French man* wears ſmall waſte,
The *Dutch* his belly boaſteth.
The *Engliſh man* is for them all,
And for each faſhion coaſteth.

The *Turk* in linnen raps his head,
The *Perſian* his in lawn too,
The *Ruſh* with ſable furrs his Cap,
And change will not be drawn to.

The *Spaniard* conſtant to his Block,
The *French* inconſtant ever,
But of all Felts that may be felt,
Give me the *Engliſh* Bever.

The *German* loves his Coney-wool,
The *Iriſh* man his ſhag too;
The *Welſh* his *Monmouth* loves to wear,
And of the ſame will brag too.

Some love the rough, and ſome the ſmooth:
Some great, and others ſmall things.
But oh our liquoriſh *Engliſh man*,
He loves to deal in all things.

The *Ruſh* drinks *Quaſs*, *Dutch Lubeck* Beer,
And that is ſtrong and mighty;
The *Britan* he *Methеglin* quaffs,
The *Iriſh aqua vitæ*.

The *French* affects the *Orleans* Grape,
The *Spaniard* ſips his Sherry,
The *Engliſh* none of theſe can ſcape,
But he with all makes merry.

The *Italian* in her high Chopin,
Scotch Lass and lovely Vroe too,
The *Spanish Donna*, *French* Madam,
He doth not fear to go to.

Nothing so full of hazard dread,
Nought lives above the Center,
No health, no fashion, wine, nor wench,
On which he will not venture.

*Song* 240.

NOw, now, *Lucatia*, now make haste,
If thou wilt see how strong thou art,
There needs but one frown more, to waste
The whole remainder of my heart.
Alas undone, &c.

You look to have an Age of tryal,
Ere you a Lover will repay,
But my state brooks no more denyal,
I cannot this one minute stay.
Alas undone, &c.

Look in my wound, and see how cold,
How pale and gasping my Soul lies,
Which Nature strives in vain to hold,
Whilst wing'd with sighs away it flies,
Alas undone, &c.

See, see, already *Charon*'s Boat,
Who grimly asks, Why all this stay?
Hark how the fatal Sisters shout,
And now they call, Away, away.
Alas undone, to fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, O now am dead.

*Song* 241.

WHen as *Leander* young was drown'd,
No heart by love receiv'd a wound,
But on a Rock himſelf ſat by,
There weeping ſuper-abundantly.
His head upon his hand he laid,
And ſighing deeply, thus he ſaid:
Ah cruel fate! and looking on't,
Wept as he'd drown the *Helleſpont*;
And ſure his tongue had more expreſt,
Had not his tears, had not his tears,
Had not his tears forbad the reſt.

*Song* 242.

I Dote, I dote, but am a Sot to ſhow't,
I was a very fool to let her know't;
For now ſhe doth ſo cunning grow,
She proves a Friend worſe then a Foe,
She will not hold me faſt, nor let me go.
She tells me, I cannot forſake her,
Then ſtraight I endeavour to leave her,
But to make me to ſtay,
Throws a kiſs in my way,
O then I could tarry for ever.
Thus I retire,
Salute and ſit down by her,
There do I fry in froſt, and freez in fire.
Now Nectar from her Lips I ſup,
And though I cannot drink all up,
Yet I am fox'd with kiſſing of the Cup;
For her Lips are two Brimmers of Clarret,
Where firſt I began to miſcarry;
Her Breſts of delight
Are two Bottles of White,
And her Eyes are two Cups of Canary.

Drunk as I live,
Dead drunk beyond reprieve,
And all my ſenſes driven through a ſieve,
About my Neck her arms ſhe lay'th,
Now all is Goſpel that ſhe ſay'th,
Which I lay hold on with my fudled faith.
I find a fond Lover's a Drunkard,
And dangrous is when he flies out,
With hips and with lips,
With black eies and white thighs,
Blind *Cupid* ſure tipled his eies out.
She bids me riſe,
Tells me I muſt be wiſe
Like her, for ſhe is not in love, ſhe cries;
This makes me fret, and fling, and throw,
Shall I be fetter'd to my foe?
I begin to run but cannot go:
I prethee Sweet uſe me more kindly,
You are better to hold me faſt,
If you once diſingage,
Your Bird from his Cage,
Believe it he'l leave you at laſt.
Thus like a Sot I ſit,
That fill'd the Town with wit,
But now confeſs I have moſt need of it;
I have been fox'd with Duck and dear,
Above a quarter of a year,
Beyond the cure of ſleeping, or ſmall Beer.
I thing I can number the months too,
*July*, *Auguſt*, *September*, *October*,
Thus goes my account,
A miſchief light on't,
But ſure I ſhall go when I am ſober.
My legs are lam'd,
My courage is quite tam'd
My heart and all my body is enflam'd.

As by experience I can prove,
And say by all the powers above,
'Tis better to be drunk with wine then love;
For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,
Our fore-heads with Jewels adorning,
Although we do grope,
Yet there is some hope
That a man may be sober next morning.
Thus with command,
She throws me from her hand
And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand;
I measure all the ground by trips,
Was ever Sot so drunk with sips,
Or can a man be over-seen with lips?
*I* pray Madam fickle be faithful,
And leave off your damnable dodging,
Then do not deceive me,
But love mee or leave mee.
And let me go home to my lodging.
I have too much,
And yet my folly's such,
I cannot hold, but must have t' other touch;
Here's a Health to the King: How now?
I'm drunk, and could chatter I vow,
Lovers and fools say anything you know;
I fear I have tyr'd your patience,
But I'm sure 'tis I have the wrong on't,
My wit hath bereft me,
And all that is left me.
Is but enough to make a Song on't:
My Mistress and I
Shall never comply;
And there's the short and the long on't.

*Song* 243.

*Phillis*, for shame let us improve
A thousand several ways,
Those few short minutes snatch'd by Love,
From many tedious days.
If you want courage to despise
The Censures of the Grave;
For all the Tyrants in your Eyes,
Your heart is but a Slave.

My Love is full of Noble Pride,
Nor ever shall submit
To let the Fop Discretion ride
In triumph over Wit.
False Friends I have as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and Ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

When I the least belief bestow
On what such fools advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise.

*Song* 244.

Come, let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing,
The Winter is with us as good as the Spring;
We care not a feather
For wind nor foul weather
By night and by day
We sport and we play,
Conferring our notes, conferring out notes,
Conferring our notes together.

*Song* 245.

Men of War march bravely on,
The Field is easie to be won.
There's no danger in that War

Where

Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are.
Here's no cold to chill you,
A Bed of down's your field,
Here's no Sword to kill you,
Unless you please to yield.
Here's nothing to incumber,
Here will be no scars to number.

*Song* 246.

*Phillis* it is not in your power,
To say how long our Love will last,
It may be we within this hour,
May loose those joys we now may taste,
The blessed that Immortal be,
From change in Love are only free.

And though you now Immortal seem,
Such is the exactness of your frames;
Those that your beauty so esteem,
Will find it cannot last the same,
Love from mine eyes has stolen his fire,
As apt to waste, and to expire.

Then since we mortal Lovers are,
Let's not question how long t'will last,
But while we Live let us take care,
Each minute be with pleasure past;
It were a madness to deny,
To live because w'are sure to dye.

Fear not though Love and beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct,
Your kindness now will then prevail,
And passion turn into respect:
*Phillis* at worst you'l in the end,
But change your Lover for a friend.

*Song* 247.

HAve you any work for a Tinker Miſtreſs,
Old braſs, old pots, old kettles,
Ile mend them all with a Tink, terre-tink,
And never hurt your mettals.
Firſt let me have a touch of your Ale,
'Twill ſteel me againſt cold weather,
Or Tinkers freeze,
Or Vinters lees,
Or Tobacco chuſe you whether.
But of your Ale,
Your nappy Ale,
I would I had a Ferkin,
For I am old,
And very very cold,
And never wear a Jerkin.

*Song* 248.

UPon thy fair treſſes (which *Phebus* excel)
My diligent fingers Ile twiſt,
There's my deſire for ever to dwell,
And I hope thou wilt never reſiſt.
*And ere and anon I will ſip,*
*Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.*

Upon thy fair breaſt, I'le be mounted aloft,
And there in my Chariot Ile feel,
The grain of thy body more precious and ſoft,
Than the web of *Ariadnes* wheel.
*And ere and anon*, &c.

Ile wander abroad in the veins, and Ile ſeek
The mazes of pleaſure and love,
The Garden of *Venus* it is in thy Cheeks,
And thither my fancy ſhall rove.
*And ere and anon*, &c.

There

There on the Lilies and Roſes I'll ligh,
And gather my ſweets like the Bee;
And I will not go far for a Lodging at night,
For ſurely the Hive ſhall be thee.
*And e're and anon*, &c.

Where when I am hurl'd, my neſt I will build
Of Honey-combs all in a Rank;
I'll buz in each Corner until it be fill'd,
And make thee more full in the flank.
*And e're and anon*, &c.

Come then with a Corniſh, let us conbine,
(I know thou canſt eaſily do't)
Thou ſhalt take my heart, and I will take thine,
And I'll give thee my hand to boot.
*And e'er and anon I will ſip*
*Electar and Nectar that flows from thy Lip.*

*Song* 249.

BRing back my Comforts and return;
For well thou know'ſt that I,
In ſuch a vigorous paſſion burn,
That miſſing thee, I die.
Return, return, inſult no more;
Return, return, and me reſtore
To thoſe ſequeſtred Joys I had before,

Abſence in moſt that quenches Love,
And cools their warm deſire;
The ardour of my heart improves,
And makes the flame aſpire:
The maxime therefore I deny,
And term it, though a tyranny,
The Nurſe to Faith, to Conſtancy.

Song 250.

TEll me, prethee, faithleſs Swain,
Tell me, prethee, faithleſs Swain,
Why you did ſuch paſſion feign,
On purpoſe to deceive mee?
I no ſooner lov'd again,
But you began to leave me.

*Phillis* we muſt blame our fate,
*Phillis* we muſt blame our fate;
Kindneſs bears a certain date,
And e'er thoſe Joys we taſted,
You in peeviſhneſs and ſtate,
The time had almoſt waſted.

'Twas my Love did yours deſtroy,
'Twas my Love did yours deſtroy,
*Strephon*, had I ſtill been coy,
*I* know you ſtill would prize me:
Think or dream you do enjoy,
And then you'll not deſpiſe me.

Love like other native fires,
Love like others native fires,
Leaves what's burnt, and ſtrait deſires
Freſh objects to be chuſing:
Repetition always tires,
And all's the worſe for uſing.

Once again thy Love purſue,
Once again thy Love purſue,
And my ſcorns *I* will renew,
But paſſion doth ſo ſway me,
That ſhould *I* my ſighs ſubdue,
My tears would ſoon betray me.

Sigh

Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
Sigh no more nor weep in vain,
Nymph your beauty soon will gain
A more deserving Lover,
Slaves that once have broke their Chain,
You hardly can recover.

*Song* 251.

AH *Chloris* that I now could sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your Infant beauty could beget,
No pleasure, nor no pain,

When *I* the *dawn* use'd to admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
*I* little thought the growing fire,
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless Childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine,
Age from no face took more away,
Then youth conceald in thine.

But as your *Charms* insensibly,
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And in my bosome rest.

My *passion* with your *beauty* grew,
And *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each glory'd in their wanton pain,
To make a Lover he,
Employ'd the utmost of his Art,
To make a beauty she.

Though

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers like dying men may well,
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell,
What fortune they may see.

## Song 252.

A

I Pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not a day when I see not my love.
I survey e'ry walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis O then, I think there's no Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

But each shade, and each conscious bower when I find
Where I once had been happy, and she had been kind,
When I see the print left of her shape in the green,
And Imagine the pleasure may yet come again,
Oh then 'tis oh then I think no joys above
The pleasures, the pleasures of love.

Whilst alone to my self I repeat all her Charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another mans arms,
She may laugh at my cares and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things, she before said to me,
O then 'tis, O then I think there's no Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such and Innocent passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her and so she may be,
So full of true Love to be jealous of me.
And then 'tis, O then, I think no Joys above
The pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

Song

Song 253.

SHe that with Love is not possest,
Has not for that the harder heart,
I think the softer and more tender breast,
Would dull, would dull, would dull and damp the (Dart.
Away with mellanchloy fits,
Whose strange effects our eyes disarms,
Deposes Beauty, and distracts our Wits,
Whilst we grow pale, grow pale, and lose our (Charms.
Love does against it self conspire,
Such languishing Desire imparts,
That quench the fewel, yet preserve the fire,
Clouding those eyes, those eyes whence Love takes (Darts.

Song 254.

COme let us be friends, and most friendly agree,
For the Pimp, the Punk, and the Doctor are three
Which cannot but thrive when united they be. (sure,
The Pimp brings in custome, the Punk she gets trea-
Of which the Physician is sure of his measure, (sure;
For work which she makes him in sale of her plea-
For which when she fails by Diseases and Pain,
The Doctor new Vamps and Upsets her again.

Song 255.

WAke all ye dead, what Ho, what Ho!
How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low?
They mind not poor Lovers who walk here above
On the decks of the world, in storms of love;
No whisper now, nor glance can pass
Through wicket, or through panes of glass;
For our windows and doors are shut and barr'd,
Lie close in the Church, and in the Church-yard,

In

In ev'ry grave make room, make room,
The world's at an end, and we come, we come.
The State is now Loves foe, Loves foe
Has seized on his Arms, his Quiver, and Bowe,
Has pinion'd his Wings, and fetter'd his Feet,
Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet;
But oh sad chance, his Judge was old;
Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold.
No man being young his Process would draw
Oh Heavens that Love should be subject to Law,
Lovers go woo the dead, the dead!
Lie two in a grave, and to bed, to bed.

*Song* 256.

NOw that the Spring hath fill'd our veins
With quick and active fire,
And made green Liv'ry's o're the plains,
And every Grove a Quire;
Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee;
And *Bacchus* crown the bowl,
And here's to thee,
And thou to me,
And every thirsty soul.
Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
But see that no man scape,
To take of the Sherry,
That makes us so merry,
And plump as the lusty grape.

*Song* 257.

I Keep my Horse, I keep my Whore,
I take no Rents, yet am not poor;
I travel all the Land about,
And yet was born to never a foot:

With

With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine,
And if my whore be not in case,
My Hostess Daughter has her place.
The maids sit up and watch their turns,
If I stay long the Tapster mourns,
The Cookmaid has no mind to sin
Though tempted by the Chamberlin:
But when I knock, Oh how they bustle!
The Hostler yawns, the Geldings justle;
If maid but sleep, Oh how they curse her,
And all this come of, deliver your Purse sir.

*Song* 258.

THe thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair,
The Sea it self (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,)
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So full that they o'reflow the Cup.
The busie Sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face, no less)
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
They drink, and dance by their own light,
They drink and Revel all the night;
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an Eternal health goes round,
Fill up the Bowl, and fill it high,
Fill all the Glasses here, for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why man of morals, tell me why.

Song

## Song 259.

TO friend and to foe,
To all that I know,
That to Marriage Eſtate do prepare,
Remember your daies
In ſeveral waies,
Are troubled with ſorrow and care:
For he that doth look
In the married mans book,
And read but his *Items* all over,
Shall find them to come,
At length to a Sum,
Shall empty Purſe, Pocket, and Coffer.
In the paſtimes of love,
When their labors do prove,
And the Fruit beginneth to kick,
For this, and for that,
And I know not for what,
The woman muſt have or be ſick.
There's *Item* ſet down,
For a Looſe-bodied Gown,
In her longing you muſt not deceive her;
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
Or the other fine thing,
For a whisk, a Skarf, or a Beaver.
Deliver'd and well,
Who iſt cannot tell,
Thus while the Child lies at the Nipple,
There's *Item* for wine,
And Goſſips ſo fine,
And Sugar to ſweeten their Tipple;
There's *Item* I hope,
For Water and Sope,
There's *Item* for Fire and Candle,

For better for worſe;
There's *Item* for Nurſe,
The Babe to dreſs and to dandle,
When ſwadled in lap,
There's *Item* for Pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle;
A Corral with Eells,
Which cuſtome compels,
And *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle;
With twenty odd Knacks,
Which the little one lacks,
And thus doth thy pleaſure bewray thee:
But this is the ſport,
In Countrey and Court,
Then let not theſe paſtimes betray thee.

*Song* 260.

HOw hard is an heart to be cured,
That is once over-whelm'd with deſpair!
'Tis a pain that by force is endured,
Which deſpiſeth our paſſion, and laughs at our care.
Then ſince nothing but Death can untye
Thoſe Fetters with which you inſnare me,
For your ſake I am ready to try,
And if you're unwilling to ſave me,
I am not unwilling to dye.

But how much were it better complying
With the ſighs, and the tears, and the groans
Of a poor diſtreſſed Lover dying,
And give ear to the voice of his pitiful moans!
Then your Slave ſhall in triumph be led,
To ſhew the effects of good nature;
And it ſhall for your honour be ſaid,
'Tis true ſhe kill'd a poor Creature,
But ſhe rais'd him again from the dead.

Though

Though your heart be as Cold as the Ice is,
Yet at one time or other you'l find;
That Love hath a thousand devices,
To baniſh cold thoughts, form your pittileſs mind,
And force you at length, to love, and be kind.
Thy aid mighty Love I implore,
That thou to my fair one diſcover
The joys I have for her in ſtore,
When ſhe to her paſſionate lover,
Shall, ſay Ile be cruel no more.

*Song.* 262.

Wherever I am, and what ever I do,
My *Phillis* is ſtill in my mind;
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My feet of themſelves the way find;
Unknown to my ſelf I am juſt at her door,
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more
Than, *Phillis* too fair and unkind.

When my *Phillis* I ſee, my heart bounds in my breſt,
And the love I would ſtifle is ſhown;
Aſleep or awake I am never at reſt,
When from my eyes *Phillis* is gone,
Sometimes a ſweet dream doth delude my ſad mind,
But alas! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
I ſigh to my ſelf all alone.

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his Scepter in vain.
Oh let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again.
Let *Phillis* be mine and ever be kind,
I could to a deſert with her be confind;
And envie no Monarch his Reign.

Alas

Alas I discover too much of my love,
And she to well knows her own power;
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour;
But let her each minute torment my sad mind,
I had rather love *Phillis* though false and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her power,
Then ever be freed from her power.

*Song* 262.

COme fill us a brimmer of Sack,
It will stretch both my brains and my back,
It is off, fill us more,
It will purge my soul's oare,
From me all that is humane 'twill take.

*Prometheus* the poets say stole
From Heaven a Celestial coal,
Wee'l not go so far for't,
There's fire in the quart,
Can create a far nobler soul.

Nor can the great *Phœbus* divine,
Be compar'd to the godhead of wine:
He may play on his Kitt,
'Tis *Bacchus* hath wit,
The Laurel's a shrub to the Vine.

When love to my Mistress I write,
These full bowls of Nectar indite,
When they get in my brain,
They create such a strain,
Would a *Lucrece* to dally invite.

If any my dear one dare stain,
These cups shall her honour maintain,

I am

I am valianter far
Then the great god of War,
When *Bacchus* enthrones in my braine.

Whence did *Cato*'s great honour arise,
To be stiled most just and most wise?
Those Cups that did throw,
His body so low,
Did rebound his name back to the Skies.

Most wise himself de did shew,
When he drank untill he did spue;
Most just he was said,
'Cause he honestly paid
His great whensoe're it was due.

*Song* 263.

When thy servant is at leisure
To sit down and sum his treasure;
Full of Cyphers is each Line,
Till I read some leaves of thine.
There are figures that but brought
To those Cyphers stood for nought,
That make up a sum at last
No Arithmetick can cast.
Thus whilst each alone is found,
The best is hardly worth a pound:
Yet let Fortune once invite us,
And no Merchant shall out-write us.
Thou my Mine, my Indies art,
Where I find a soul, a heart,
Their utmost value but to give,
Would beggar all the Kings that live.
Thou art rich, then these being thine,
I am not poor whilst thou art mine;
There nothing makes us Beggars then

But what makes poor the richeſt men.

We enjoy not what we have,
Each is to their wealth a ſlave,
Thou deſireſt nought but me
And my ambition ends in thee;
Of wants then let us ſpeak no more
For willingly we both are poor.

'Twere a ſin would make me tremble
Once to think you could diſſemble,
For my deareſt when I view,
What's in me might merit you;
I conclude your goodneſs meerly,
Is the cauſe you love ſo dearly.

And that goodneſs I eſteem,
Far above a diadem:
You could beg you ſay with me,
I could ſtarve and dye with thee.

Since we pine, and ſtarve and die,
Each wanting th' others company;
Though the choice be hard of either,
Yet lets beg and ſtarve together,

When you are reſolved, but call me,
And Ile come what ere befall me.

*Song* 264.

A Reſtleſs Lover I eſpide,
That walkt from place to place,
That ſate and turn'd from ſide to ſide,
And ſometimes on his face.
But when as Medicines were apply'd
In hope of intermiſſion,
Like one that found no eaſe he cry'd,
Hath *Cupid* no Phyſician,

What do these Ladies with their looks
Their Kisses and their smiles,
Can no receipt in Love's sweet books
Restore their former spoiles?
No, they complain as well as we,
Their hopes have no remission,
And when both sexes wounded be,
Hath *Cupid* no Physitian.

Into what Palsies and what pains
What Feavers and what Fits,
No quintessential Chymick grains
Prescrib'd by learned Wits,
Nor Creature can beneath the Sun,
Invade in opposition.
And when such wonders may be done,
Hath *Cupid* no Physitian.

Into what Poyson do they dip
Their arrow or their dart,
That touching but one fingers tip
They wound us to the heart.
And when precisely we do get
Into their Inquisition,
Death never found a Surgeon yet,
Nor *Cupid* a Physitian.

*Song* 265.

GIve o're fooliſh heart and make haſt to deſpair,
For *Daphne* regards not thy vows nor thy prayer,
Which plead for thy paſſion thy pains to prolong,
She courts her guittar and replies with a Song.

No more will I wait like a ſlave at your door,
I will ſpend the cold night at your windows no more:
My

My lungs in long sighs I no more will exhale,
Since your pride is to make me grow sullen and pale.

No more shall your frowns and free humor per-
(swade,
To worship the Idol my fancie hath made,
When your Saints so neglected your follies give o're,
Your Deity's lost and your beauty's no more.

How weak are the vows of a Lover in pain,
When flatter'd with hope or oppress'd with disdain!
No sooner my *Daphnes* bright eies I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all a new;
No more faireſt *Nymph*, I will murmer no more,
Did the gods seem so fair, men would ever adore.

*Song* 266.

LEt him that undertook to praise
The french Pox, and so many wayes
Did prove that it is now adayes,
Commodious,

I say let him awhile give place,
For I will prove a fiery face,
Is to the owner no disgrace,
Nor odious.

Who hath a fiery face, that man
Is said to have a rich face, and
Rubies about his nose none can
Deny it

And all men know as well as I,
That what is rich, most eagerly
We covet, and no cost deny
To buy it:

Some will sell their cloths from their back,
And some their lands, and some will lack
Meat, rather then good Sherry, Sack
and Claret:

And

And they ſwear (and ſwear truth) that thoſe,
Which drink ſmall beer and wear good cloths,
Do offer wrong unto the Noſe
and mar it.
If in Rome's Senate long noſe'd men
Were choſe for wiſeſt, tell me then
Why theſe ſhould not be praiſed, when
all men know
A fiery face is ne'er without
A rich noſe, and how far a ſnout
That's rich exceeds a long to doubt
or call men to
Diſpute or to capitulate,
This matters not ſo intricate,
But any may expoſtulate
and Judg it:
And if Judg truly hee'l confeſs,
Fire-rich exceeds long-wiſe I gueſs,
No man that hath true worthineſs
will grutch it.
Beſides the world knows this that we,
Affirm thoſe gratious that we ſee,
But bluſh and call it modeſty
in people.
A Rich Face always bluſhes ſo,
It doth all faces elſe out go,
As far as Faiths Church is below
Pauls Steeple.

*Song* 267.

I Languiſh all night, and ſigh all the day,
And much to be pitied I am:
E're ſince your bright eyes
My heart did ſurprize,
I could not extinguiſh the flame.
But ſince you have known
That my heart was your own, (grown;
Though before you were kind, now cruel you're
If ſo cruel you prove
To the man you did love:
Ah *Phillis!* ah *Phillis!* what fate
Have you in reſerve for the wretch that you hate?

*Song* 268.

FArewell my *Almeda*, my joy and my grief,
In vain I have lov'd you, and found no relief.
Undone by your honour, too ſtrict and ſevere;
Your eyes gave me love, and you gave me deſpair.
Now call'd by my honour, I ſeek with content
My fall, which, in pitty, you would not prevent;
To languiſh in love, were to pine by delay,
A death that's more welcome the ſpeedieſt way.
On Seas and in Battels, through bullets and fire,
The danger is leſs than in hopeleſs deſire: (bear
My death's wound you gave me, though far off I
My fall from your ſight, not to coſt you a tear.
But, if the kind floud, on a wave would convey,
And under your window my body would lay:
When the wound on my breſt you happen to ſee,
You will ſay, with a ſigh, it was given by me.

*Song.* 269.

*Answer to* Almeda.

BLame not your *Almeda*, nor call her your grief,
'Twas vertue, not she that deny'd you relief,
Abuse not her honour, nor call it severe,
Who loves without honour, must meet with despair.

Now prompted by pitty I truly lament,
And mourn for your fate, which I could not prevent
I languish to think that your blood should defray,
The expence of a love though so noble a way.

On Seas and in battels that you did expire,
Was the effect of your valour, not hopeless desire,
Of the fame you acquir'd I greedily hear,
And grieve when I think that it cost you so dear.

And when dismal fate did your body convey,
To my window your funeral rites for to pay,
I sigh that your fate I could not reverse,
And all my kind wishes I strew on your herse.

*Song* 270.

HAve I not told thee dearest mine,
That I destroy'd should be,
Unhappy though the crime was thine,
And mine the misery,
Thou art not kind, yet none so blind,
As those that will not see.

Have I not sigh'd away my breath,
In homage to thy beauty,
What have I got but certain death,
A poor reward for duty;
Well when I'me gone you'l nere have one,
That will prove half so true t'yee.

Have

Have I not steep'd my soul in tears,
When thou didst hardly mind it;
But rather added to my fears,
When love should have declin'd it,
Which in this breast I hop'd to rest,
But now despair to find it.

Oh, that I could but sound thy heart,
And fathom but thy mind,
Then I would search thy better part,
And force thee to be kind,
But now I'm lost and here am crost,
'Tis they that hide must find.

If pitty then, within thy heart
Doth own a residence,
Vouchsafe to read my tragick part,
And plead my Innocence,
That when I'm dead it may be said,
'Twas love, was my offence.

But since thy will is to destroy,
I dare not mercy crave,
But kindly thank my fate and joy,
I liv'd to die thy slave,
Then exercise those killing eyes,
And frown me to my grave.

*Song 271.*

IO Hymen, Io Hymen, Io Hymen,
Was wont to be still the old Song,
At high Nuptial Feasts,
Where the merry merry Guests
With joy and good wishes did throng;
But to this new Wedding, new notes do I bring.
To rail at thee Hymen, while sadly I sing,
Fie O Hymen, fie O Hymen, fie O Hymen,

What hands, and what hearts doſt thou knit?
A widow that's poor,
And a very very whore,
To an Heir that wants nothing but wit?
Yet thus far O Hymen, thy anſwer is made, (trade.
When his means are all ſpent, they may live by her

*Song* 272.

THe Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No leſs then a wonder by nature deſign'd,
She's the grief of my heart and the joy of my eye,
And the cauſe of a flame that never can die.
Her mouth from whence wit obligingly flows,
Hath the beautiful bluſh and ſmell of the roſe;
Love and deſtiny both attend on her will,
She wounds with a look with a frown ſhe can kill.
The deſperate lover can hope no redreſs,
Where beauty and rigour are both in exceſs;
In *Silvia* they meet, ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her muſt love, and who loves her muſt die.

*Song* 273.

PHillis, though your powerful charms
Have forc't me from my *Celia*'s arms,
That kind defence againſt all powers,
But thoſe reſiſtleſs eyes of yours;
Think not your conqueſt to maintain
By rigour and unjuſt diſdain,
In vain fair Nymph in vain you ſtrive,
For Love does ſeldome hope ſurvive:
My heart may languiſh for a time,
Whilſt all your glories in their prime
Can juſtifie ſuch cruelty,
By the ſame force they conquer'd me,

When

When age ſhall come, at whoſe command
Thoſe troops of beauty muſt disband,
A tyrants ſtrength once took away,
What ſlave ſo dull as to obey.

*Song* 274.

GIve me more love, or more diſdain,
The torrid, or the frozen Zone,
Bring equal eaſe unto my pain,
The temperate afford me none;
Either extream of love, or hate,
Is ſweeter than a calm eſtate.
Give me a ſtorm: if it be love,
Like *Danae* in a golden ſhowre,
I ſwim in pleaſure; if it prove
Diſdain, that torrent will devour
My Vulture hopes; And he's poſſeſt
Of heaven, that's but from hell releaſt;
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain,
Give me more love, or more diſdain.

*Song* 275.

RUn to love's lottery, run Maids, and rejoyce,
Whilſt ſeeking your chance you meet your own choice
And boaſt that your luck you helpt with deſign
By praying croſs leg'd to St. *Valentine*,
Hark, hark; a prize is drawn and trumpets ſound,
*Tanta ra ra, tanta ra ra, tanta ra ra.*
Hark maids, more lots are drawn, prizes abound,
Dub a dub, the drum now beats,
And dub a dub, a dub, Echo repeats,
As if *Mars* himſelf had made
Loves Queen a skirmiſh for a *Serenade*;
Haſt, haſt, fair maids and come away,
The Prieſt attends the bridegroms ſtay,
Roſes and pinks will we ſtrow where you go.

Whilst I walk in shades of willow,
When I am dead, let him that did slay me,
Be so kind so gentle to lay me,
There where neglected lovers mourn,
Where lamps and hallowed tapers burn,
Where Clarks in quiers, sad dirges sing,
Where sweetly bells at burials ring.

*Song* 276.

*A Dialogue between the Evening and a Boy.*

*Evening* I Am the Ev'ning dark as night,
Jack-with-the-lanthorn, bring a light,
*Jack* Whither? Whither? Whither?
*Evening* Hither, hither, hither,
*Jack* Thou art some prattling eccho of my making,
*Evening* Thou art a foolish fire by thy mistaking,
I am the Ev'ning that creates thee,
*Jack* My Lanthorn and my Candle waits thee.
*Evening* Those Flajolets which we hear play,
Are Reapers who have lost their way,
They play, they sing, they dance a round,
Lead them up, here's Fairy ground.

*Chorus.*

Let the men ware the Ditches,
Maids Look to your Britches;
We'l scratch them with Briars and Thistles,
When the Flajolets cry
We are a dry,
Pond-water shall wet their whistles.

*Song*

*Song* 277.

*Phillis* lets ſhun the common fate,
And let our loves ne're turn to hate,
I'll dote no longer, then I can,
Without being call'd a faithleſs man;
When we begin to want diſcourſe,
And kindneſs ſeems to taſt of force,
As freely as we met wee'l part,
Each one poſſeſt of their own heart;
Thus whilſt grave fools themſelves undo,
Wee'l game and give off ſavers too;
So equally the match wee'l make,
Both ſhall be glad to draw the ſtake,
A ſmile of thine ſhall make my bliſs,
I will enjoy thee in a kiſs;
I'll love and hate juſt where you do,
And for't no other reaſon know,
When from this height my love does fall,
Wee'l bravely ſcorn to love at all;
If thy affection firſt decay,
I'll the whole blame on nature lay.
Alaſs, what cordial can remove
The haſty fate of dying love,
I'll grieve as for a friend deceas'd,
And with the next as well be pleas'd;
Thus we will all the world excel,
In loving, and in living well.

*Song* 278.

GO with thy Staff the Sea divide,
And with thy Whiſtle ſtop the Tide.
Catch the wild winds faſt in thy fiſt,
And let them blow but when thou liſt,
Creep into *Neptunes* watry bed,
And get a *Syrens* Maiden-head,

Then ſore more high, and fetch me down.
Fair *Ariadne*'s ſtarry Crown,
So that with it I may wear
Some of *Berenice*'s hair,
Make *Mars* and *Saturn*'s aſpects mild,
And get the Virgin Star with child,
But if thou haſt a daring Soul,
Go whip the Bear about the Pole,
All this thou mayſt long e're thou can
A woman find, a woman find, that's true to man;
For womens hearts take new deſires
Far ſooner than the powder fires,
Their flaſhes are more violent
Than thoſe flames, and ſooner ſpent.
Tike Torrents womens loves riſe high,
Make a noiſe, decreaſe, and die,
Then let no wiſe man think it ſtrange
That women are ſo apt to change.
No creature underneath the Sun,
Bears ſuch relation to the Moon,
He then that for their love is ſick,
Is worſe then they, Is worſe then they, He's lunatick.

## *Song* 279.

### *On a Rogue.*

COme live with me, and be my whore,
And we will beg from door to door;
Then under a hedge we'l ſit and lowſe us,
Until the beadle comes to rouſe us;
And if they'l give us no relief
Thou ſhalt turn whore and I'll turn thief;
Thou ſhalt turn, &c.
If thou canſt rob then I can ſteal,
And we'll eat roaſt meat every meal;
Nay, we'll eat white bread every day,
And throw our mouldy cruſts away;

And

And twice a day we will be drunk,
And then at night I'll kiſs my punk;
And then at night, &c.
And when we both ſhall have the Pox,
And then ſhall want both ſhirts and ſmocks
To ſhift, each others mangie hide,
That is with itch ſo pockifi'd,
We'll take ſome clean ones from a hedge,
And leave our old ones for a pledge,
And leave our old ones for a pledge.

*Song* 280.

THus all the day long we are frolick and gay,
In ſtead of Court Revels we merrily play,
At trap and at skeeles, and at barly break run,
At goff and at ſtool ball, and when we have done
With theſe innocent ſports we laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty laſs we give a green gown.

We teach our little dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheaſant to quarry,
The nimble Squirrel with our cudgel we chace,
The Innocent Lark we betray with a glaſs,
But when we have done we laugh, &c.

About the may-pole we dance all around,
With garlands of pinks, and with roſes are crown'd,
Our little kind tribute we cheerfully pay
Unto our bright Lord and gay Lady of *May*.
But when the night comes we laugh, &c.

With our dainty fine Nymphs we ſport and we toy,
What others but dream of we daily enjoy,
With our miſtreſs we dally ſo long till we find
Her pretty ey's ſhow that her heart is grown kind,
And when we have done we laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty laſs we give a green gown.

*Song*

### *Song* 281.

### *Upon a Quondam Maid.*

POor *Cloris* wept and from her eyes
The liquid tears came trickling down,
Such wealthy drops may well suffice
To be the ransom of a crown,
And as she wept, she sigh'd and said,
Alass, for me unhappy maid,
That by my folly, by my folly, am betray'd.

When first these eyes, unhappy eyes,
Met with the author of my woe,
Methought our souls did sympathise,
And it was death to say him no,
He su'd, I granted, O then besel
My shame which I'm afraid to tell,
Ah me, that I did ever love so well.

O had I been so wise as not
T'have yielded up my virgin fort,
My life had been without a blot
And dar'd the envy of report;
But now my guilt hath made me be
A scorn for time to point at me,
As at the butt, and mark of misery.

Here now in sorrow do I sit,
And pensive thoughts possess my breast,
My silly heart with care is split,
And grief denies me wonted rest,
Come then black night and screen me round,
That I may never more be found,
Unless in tears of sorrow drown'd.

### *Song* 282.

I Will not urge, thou art unjust
To force me from thine arms;

Since

Since of neceſſity I muſt
Confeſs I'me of the meaneſt duſt,
And thou art full of Charms,
Yet, if thou wilt review what's paſt
How oft thy goodneſs let me ſip
The Nectar that imbalm'd thy lip,
Wer't thou not ſatisfied to give me reſt
Lull me on the milky pillow of thy breaſt;
But now, alaſs too late I find
All joys are dreams, and various as the wind,
But yet this glory, I ſhall have
Thoſe eyes that gave me life, now give me grave,
Whilſt this muſt be my Epitaph and deſtiny.
Although neglected and forlorn,
By *Celias* cruelty and ſcorn;
Faithful *Aminters* heart is torn,
Yet like a Phœnix here I lie
Kiſſing thoſe beams that make me die.

*Song* 283.

MY lodging 'tis on the cold boards,
And wonderful hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me moſt is,
The fatneſs of my Dear;
Yet ſtill I cry; Oh, melt love,
And I prethee now melt a pace,
For thou art the man I ſhould long for;
If't were not for thy greaſe.

*Anſwer.*

Then prethee don't harden thy heart ſtill
And be deaf to my pittiful moan,
Since I do bear the ſmart ſtill,
And for my fat do groan;
Then prethee now turn my dear love,
And I prethee now turn to me,
For alaſs, I am too fat ſtill
To rowl ſo far to thee.

Song

### *Song* 284.

FOr *Bacchus* I am, and for *Bacchus* i'll be; (free:
And, I hope, from good wine I shall never be
Let drinking abound, it is wine makes the creature,
It strengthens the brain, and helps decaid nature;
For he that, by drinking, can turn the world round,
By *Bacchus* and *Venus* deserves to be crown'd. (tion,
With health after health, let the glass keep its mo-
Till it make our brains dance like a ship in the O-
cean.
When our senses are pallid, and our reason does
fail,
A little sound slumber supplies a fresh gale.
Then with Wine that is brisk, and a Girl that is
won,
We'll drink, and we'll kiss, and we'll never have
done.

### *Song* 285.

IN vain I have labour'd the victor to prove,
Of a heart that can ne're give attendance to love:
So hard to be done,
That nothing so young
Could e're have resisted a passion so strong.
Yet nothing I left unattempted, or said,
Which might soften the heart of this pittiless maid;
But still she was shie,
And would, blushing, deny,
Whilst her willinger eyes gave her language the lye.
Since *Phillis*, my passion, you vow to despise;
Withdraw the false hopes from your flattering eyes;
For whilst they inspire
A resistless vain fire,
I shall grow to abhor what I now do admire.

*Song 186.*

CHear up my mates the wind do's fairly blow,
Clap on more sail, and never spare,
Farewell all lands for now we are,
In the wide sea of drink.

And merrily, merrily, we go,
Oh me 'tis hot another bowl of wine,
And we will cut the burning line;
Hey boys, she scuds away,
And by my head I know,

We round the world, are sailing now.
What dulmen are those, who tarry at home,
When abroad they may wantonly Roame,
And gain such experience and spie to,
Such countreys and wonders as I do.
But prithee good Pilot take heed what you do,
And sail not to touch at Peru;

With gold there the vessel wee'l store,
And never, never, be poor,
And never be poor any more.

*Song 187.*

*In answer to I pass all my hours.*

I Posted my self by the wings of my fate,
Through a desart bewailing the loss of my mate,
Where the little birds thronging in flights they appear
For to help me lament the loss of my dear.
Then pitty, oh pitty, sweet Ladies my pain,
That loveth, that loveth in vain.

Each hour they befriend me in making my bed,
And bring me green leaves to lay under my head,
Where I rest my poor carkass o're tyred with woe,
And the bow's all the covering the wood can bestow.
Then pitty, &c.

Some

Some times in a dream I imagine I see,
The glance of her figure presented to me;
Then I think I embrace her in *Phillis*'s bed,
But when I awake, Oh my true love is fled.
Then pitty, &c.
Then I wish I had lain all my days in a dream,
That my torturing sorrows like pleasures might seem
To crown my poor heart, as if *Phillis* was found,
But lost on a sudden, oh cruel wound.
Then pitty, &c.

*Song* 188.

*In answer to give o're foolish heart.*

HEe's a fool in his heart that takes any care,
of womens vain words be they never so fair,
Though she sighs & pretends unto love ne're so long,
Shee's double in heart and betray's with her tongue,
They still are as false as they were heretofore,
Their nature is such they can ne're give it o're,
They would by their crafts of which they have store,
Inveigle men's hearts their looks to adore,
And if they once find, they cannot prevail,
Overcharg'd with spight, their faces grow pale,
There's nothing that can their fancy please more,
Than to see foolish men their beauties adore.
They would by their frowns to observance perswade
Those men they do fancy their slaves they have made
And to be sure they will tyrannize more,
If a man do but once their pitty Implore,
Why then should we men frail women adore,
Since their pride is so great and their pitty no more.
But sure all that sex can ne'er prove so vain,
To sport or delight in a true lovers pain,
When a languishing eye in a lover they view,
To their cruelty sure they must needs bid adieu,
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